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Photo *J. C. Bristow-Noble*

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No. 141.—Vol. XI.

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
August 15, 1906

The surprise of the past Parliamentary Session has, of course, been the remarkable strength of the Unionist opposition—to the Unionists.

* * *

Everyone is now saying what an excellent Bill Mr. Birrell's should have been had it not been intended as a counterblast to a state of affairs, the iniquity of which has been seriously discounted by non-existence.

* * *

Another War Report, and columns more in the papers of wisdom five years after the event! How grand it would be if we could only have the war over again, and let it be run as it should be run by those who know the way—now.

* * *

Again disturbing rumours about the Tsar. He has neither fled, nor abdicated, nor dismissed the Ministry, nor issued a Ukase for quite a week.

* * *

An American sun worshipper recently proved his faith in the orb by offering up to it his only boy. Astronomers have since been busy noting sun-spots. He was a Chicago lad.

* * *

In regard to Armour-ican tinned meat, a medical expert writes: —

I have to report that Benzoic Acid, Boric Acid, Salicylic Acid, and Formaldehyde are absent.

At last we know what is absent from the tins.

* * *

The President of the Divorce Division is ill-advised to put a stop to sketches in Court. By so doing he has removed one of the chief obstacles to the more general use of the Courts. Many a woman prefers a life of constant bickering to the ordeal she has to undergo at the hands of the newspaper artists.

* * *

The Assistant Secretary of the National Society for the Promotion of the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Church of England has been telling the *Daily Mail* that——. But in the prodigious effort of writing out his designation we have clean forgotten what.

Poplar in August

THE THIN ONE (*languidly*): "Alloa, Bill! Wot cher left the work us for?"
THE FAT ONE (*indignantly*): "'Ad grahse for dinner *three* times last week"

The confusion between the Colonial Under-Secretary and his namesake, Mr. Winston Churchill, the American novelist, would be avoided if the latter would add something or other to his name to distinguish him, such as Winston Churchill (U.S.A.), or, better still, Winston Church- (Ill.), if he happens to be a native or resident of the State which has Chicago as its capital.

* * *

A consular report issued from Washington states that guide-books are prohibited in Turkey. The Sultan likes to consider himself the only man in his own country who knows his way about.

* * *

From *The Weekly Notes*, a legal contemporary:—

Barrister's Junior Clerk, aged nineteen, who does not know absolutely anything, desires situation in busy chambers.

This is a welcome change from the junior clerk who knows absolutely nothing.

* * *

The *Standard* and *Express* continue to speak of Mr. Churchill only as "The Under-Secretary for the Colonies," even though they have to do it twenty times in a column. Our admiration for our contemporaries' consistency is only equalled by our pity for their compositors.

* * *

TO-DAY'S ANECDOTE (*à la mode*).—The recently celebrated christening of the Lady Alberta Edwardine, the new baby-girl with which Lord "Miggles" Snobtoun has been presented by his accomplished and much-travelled wife, who was Mrs. Tod B. Hunger before she wore the Snobtoun coronet, coupled with the breaking up of the schools for the holidays, recalls a pleasing story that was told of the proud father's maternal uncle as far back as the days of Waterloo, which, it will be remembered, was fought on the 18th of June, and won, as all schoolboys know, on the playing-fields of one of the famous colleges now up for the vacation. The story goes as follows: The gay old baronet, who prided himself on his bluntness of speech, when asked to which school he would send his boy, then a sturdy lad of twelve, replied, "It's Heton or 'Arrow, probably Heton; because 'is nibs could never get the haitch of the 'Arrow."

Society in the Solent

(The Débutante's Monologue at Cowes)

You can't possibly feel dissipated, can you, Mamma, in this dear little boat? Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't look bilious. Yes, I know you don't feel it, but you had better put your veil down, really, Mamma. It's awfully funny to watch the men pretend to be nautical. They think it's the mode to talk loud on the water. Look at Bertie Datchett clinging on to the rope. He's wearing a pair of those "gay-old-sea-dog" trousers, that give you an impression of the ocean roll, even if the wearer has got the gout. I saw him in Egypt yesterday afternoon talking to Lady Bitters with his hands in his pockets. I expected him every moment to give a hitch to his slacks. Eh? Oh, I got the phrase from Madge. She reads all sorts of insufferable books about desert islands, pirates, wrecks, and derelicts, and things. She regards 'em as a sort of satirical paraphrase of society —especially the cannibals. She says any healthy seaman would call me a "land-lubber" and refuse to have me on his ship. It's only the black-eyed wretches on the "luggers," I believe, who would run away with a Bayswater girl.

Don't you think there is too much prettiness about? The yachts all look like dainty little convent girls dressed in white silk for a big feast day. I think I see their thin black legs twinkling over the lawns—and Mother Superior moving after them like a big, fat paddle-boat. That's what we want here, you know. A big, three-deck, Yankee steamer, with cornets, and megaphones, and that beastly stuff they call bunting! I think George would have an apoplectic fit. He always looks at a child sucking jujubes as if it was encroaching on the sacred prerogatives of a laboriously built-up aristocracy.

Good morning, Mr. Datchett. Why don't you hitch the boom up a little further, and save us ducking? It seems to me you don't tack close enough to the wind, and she's pretty nearly going backwards. You'd steer her much better if you put out a flying-jib, and you've got the foresail set much too tightly. No, I'm not very hungry, but Mamma would like her lunch. *Au revoir!*

No, he does not look *very* intelligent, Mamma, but he is said to be one of the best tacticians in the Militia. He went to Dublin as an A.D.C. once, but I believe he rather out-skirmished the Private Secretary, and they sent him home for flirting—or not flirting, I forget which. I'm doubtful, because I spent at least an hour with him in a dinghy last night, and I couldn't tell whether his eyes were shining at me or the lovely buttons of his new R.Y.S. evening dress. Oh, yes, he said things, but verbal adoration isn't intelligible without a sympathetic clutch. I'm afraid I'm getting weirdly slangy, but the French coast will rub it off, oh, my censorious parent. I rather fancy I can smell lunch. There is a distinct aroma of bacon, which I should think comes from that American's clipper on the port side. That "Jungle" business was a grand advertisement for Chicago. Personally, I had never heard of the place before.

I do wish they'd let me wear my tan shoes. The leather would never scratch the decks—it's much too soft. I can't think why men should be so absurdly particular about the floor of a boat. They'd walk into their dining-rooms wearing spiked running shoes, if it suited their convenience, but knitted slippers on tiptoe aren't soft enough for them afloat. I suppose they'd squeal outright if I was to run a pin into the boards. If Ian—er, if anybody buys me a yacht, I'll call it *The Farmyard*. All hens invited may scratch to their hearts' delight.

Mamma, I do believe you are bored. Well, of course you are, but I really do suggest this time that you look it. Look at the sailors on this man-of-war we are just passing. You can't look at all those rows of nice teeth and remain *blasé*. Well, really, you are incorrigible. Go and talk to Mr. Datchett, and embarrass him. Ask him what he would do in the event of a wreck, and why the boat doesn't go faster, and what there is for lunch, and the tonnage of the yacht, and the name of the builder? He will get so cross that he is sure to be rude. And that's a relief in August.

B. M. H.

Photo *W. S. Jackson*

They, too, have thirsts!

The one kind of stoppage which the surliest of 'bus passenger begrudges not is that by which the tired 'bus horse is given much-needed refreshment

THE EXPLANATION

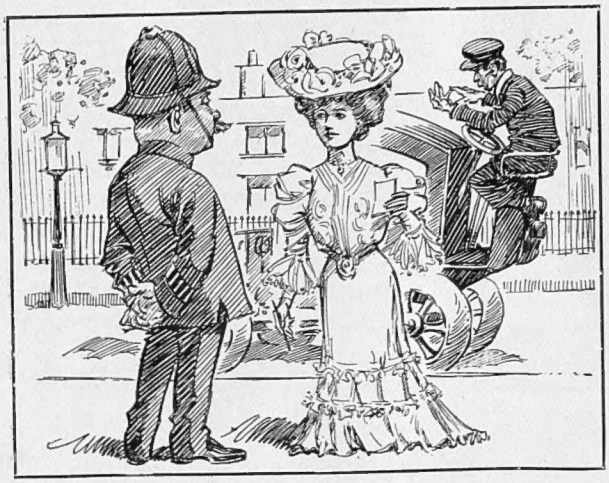
(RONDEAU)

"By Gum!" he said, I don't know why,
It seemed a silly thing to say;
He said it, too, in such a way,
As to accentuate the "by."

At last, "What made you?" ventured I,
"That exclamation utter, pray,
'By Gum'?"

He answered me with twinkling eye,
"You asked a question yesterday
Concerning mounting photos, eh?
Well, that was simply my reply,
'BUY GUM!'"

The Topictator



The New Cab Tariff

"Oh, constable, the taximeter says we've come between two and a half and two and four-sixths miles. The driver says his taximeter is slow, and we've come between two and four-sixths and two and five-sixths miles. I'm sure we've only come about two and a sixth, so we're going to split the difference. What do you make the fare?"

Ubique

A welshing bookmaker? Oh, dear no. Merely an unfortunate Pressman, who, according to a contemporary, left Cowes for Goodwood, hatless and in slippers, on account of an unfounded rumour that King Alfonso intended to be present

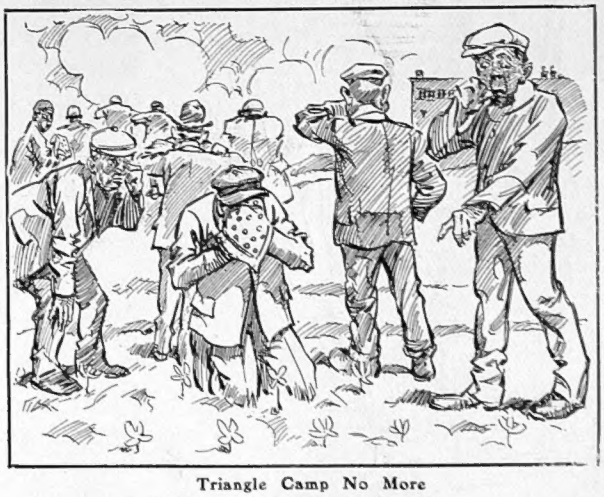
Never Failing

J. B. (*with some heat*): "Well, sir, well, who are you? What d'you want? How did you get in? Can't you see ——?"
THE VISITOR: "Stop worrying about Empire, sir, and look at my little list—I am the Silly Season"

A Nasty One

(The hitherto somewhat despised West Indians gave Yorkshire a sound thrashing at Harrogate)

"Bah goom!"



Triangle Camp No More

The landgrabber's farewell to his cabbage

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

AMĀSIS

A COMIC OPERA

Written by

FREDERICK FENN

Composed by

PHILIP MICHAEL FARADAY

New Theatre

The new season has started well. The opening production—*Amāsis*, an Egyptian comic opera, written by Frederick Fenn, composed by Philip Michael Faraday — evoked those enthusiastic calls for "author" which fall like music upon the ears. If the second act had not marked a great step in advance of the first, it is doubtful if this happy consummation would have taken place. The story of the play took a long time to get going, as Americans say. Or rather the humour of the play was slow of development. For the story is of the simplest. So are the plots of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. It is the manner in which *Amāsis* is told—quaint humour continually tripping up the heels of sentiment—which recalls the master. The love-story of the Egyptian Princess and Prince Anhotep is continually being disturbed by the complications which arise from the Prince's criminal slaughter of a sacred cat.

Concerning the Lyrics

In the first act the lyrics did not "bite." The singers appeared to have difficulty in enunciating them. Again, the point of them was often obscure. They read (every member of the audience was presented with the "book") humorously enough, but they did not, as good lyrics should, run smoothly along a groove until brought up suddenly to a full-stop by the point. The reason that impels one to somewhat severe criticism is that the lyrics in the second act were charged with the very virtues lacking in the first-act lyrics. It is as though the author had tried his whimsical humour until he had acquired the knack of exploiting it to the best advantage. So with the dialogue. It gained point as the piece progressed. The author put his new-laid eggs into his second-act basket. In the first-act basket there were just eggs. No better recipe for writing a successful book could be named. It is so often our melancholy experience to see the fun peter out, that the reverse process comes as a delightful surprise.

The humour is of the agreeable kind that makes you chuckle. The flavour remains on the palate after the incident to which it gave rise has passed. I will give you a case in point. Pharaoh, a lackadaisical monarch, gets tired of building the Pyramids. "I suppose," he says to Ptolemy, the Court embalmer, "it is necessary to go on building these ridiculous pyramids?"

PTOLEMY: Quite necessary, your Majesty. Popular opinion is much against them now, but I am sure we shall create a public for them."

One such delicate jest as this is worth a bundle of musical-comedy gags.

Concerning the Composer

Mr. Faraday is a new composer, who is so melodious as almost to disarm criticism. To get in a few little digs before one is overwhelmed by the harmony of his score. He has made but little attempt to give his music an Egyptian setting. His favourite measure, too, becomes slightly monotonous. It is a species of lilting dance rhythm in common time, with which we grow too familiar. But much may be forgiven a composer who is possessed of both humour and melody.

Concerning the Players

The composer has distributed his numbers with a generous hand. To Mr. Whitworth Mitton (Cheiro), a tenor with a voice of singular sweetness and, when he wills, of singular power, he has been specially lavish. Mr. Mitton, as an actor, is rather dilatory, as yet, in picking up his cues. As a singer, he is a distinct acquisition to the London lyric stage. His solo, commencing "The Veriest Gambler, I," was acclaimed. He has the advantage of appearing in a rôle, the sentiment of which is cleverly set off against the general frivolity of the play. It is, perhaps, the best written part in the piece. Miss Ruth Vincent, as Amāsis, has some telling numbers. She scored most in a charming lyric which, forming the climax of the book, relates how a law was made that any man led forth to die should be reprieved if there passed by an innocent maid. Thus she claims the life of Cheiro, the scribe who, for love of Amāsis, had offered himself as a sacrifice in place of Prince Anhotep. This little episode is as ably treated in song as it is in story. Mr. Rutland Barrington, who made his first appearance when the second act was well under weigh, contributed much to the strong finish of the opera. His two songs, written and composed in the true Barringtonian vein, suited him to perfection. Mr. Roland Cunningham, a stalwart Prince Anhotep, was given plenty of

vocal opportunities, while a word of praise is due to little Miss Madge Vincent for the dainty manner in which she sang a proposal to the burly Psamtik, captain of the guard. The opera was received with great enthusiasm. The first production of the season has inspired the welcome call of "author." May the ball be kept rolling as merrily.

Grand Opera in English at the Lyric

The English rendering of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, given by the Moody-Manners Opera Company at the Lyric on August 2, was a decided success. Both the singing and the acting were quite brilliant—a combination not readily obtained. Madame de Vere, as Lucia, sang charmingly, and acted with great power. Mr. Charles Moppett, in the part of Norman, made the most of a fine bass voice. This opera was rendered on the night of the great storm, when the passages of the theatre were flooded. The storm was quite in accord with the sad graveyard scene which brought the opera to a close.

Players on Holiday

Among the busy actor-managers Mr. Bourchier has allowed himself the least time for holiday-making. Not only did he put on a new production, *Down Our Alley*, when the season was almost expiring, but he is making an early start by putting into rehearsal a play to hold the Garrick boards while he and Miss Violet Vanbrugh are on tour. This play is in four acts, and is entitled *The Morals of Marcus*, by Mr. W. J. Locke, being a dramatic version of his novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." *Down Our Alley* will be played by Mr. Bourchier on tour in a compressed form, so as to allow of its being played in the same programme as one of the larger plays of his répertoire, just as was the case with the original French version in Paris.

* * *

Miss Olga Nethersole, after an eight months' tour in the United States, is taking a well-earned holiday at beautiful Biarritz, which lies so picturesquely on a line of cliffs facing the wild Bay of Biscay, and commanding, as it does, a glorious view of the distant Pyrenees. Miss Nethersole has leased the Villa Lou Basquon from the Marquise de Montbrison for the summer months.

* * *

From New York we learn that Fuji-Ko, the Japanese actress, has arrived there two months ahead of schedule time. According to her manager, she left London literally at an hour's notice. She was rehearsing at the Empire in London, preparatory to her appearance there, when she learned of the serious illness of a friend in New York. She had just time to despatch a dozen telegrams and reach a boat. Such disregard of business interest shows the strength of the Japanese character. Fuji-Ko will remain here until the fall now, and before her return to Europe will be seen in her one-act play, *The Love of a Geisha*, which is said to be an embodied idea of the doctrine of Nirvana, an idea never before seen in the Western world. E. C. S.

ROUND THE TOWN

The Royal Arrangements

The King, who, once his dates are fixed, seldom allows anything to interfere with them, is due to arrive at Marienbad for his cure to-day. Marienbad, needless to say, is too full for anything like comfort. Royalty, great and small; Society, large and little; politics, the Church, the stage, the field, all are represented to excess. In a way, this excessive popularity is bad for Marienbad. A cure, the King may find, can also be had elsewhere, and where crowds are less; a possibility (if the sad tales of endless bills one hears are true) which the Marienbad authorities are probably keeping in mind, for I am told they can in no way be accused of neglecting to make hay while the sun shines.

* * *

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

The King and Queen always make a point of visiting Beaulieu Place when in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight, and their Majesties, accompanied by the King of Spain, enjoyed themselves, apparently very much, when they visited Lord Montagu's delightful place in the New Forest during Cowes Week. Its natural situations are magnificent, and the little hamlet of Beaulieu, nestling amid the trees, is only divided from the big mansion by the silver streak of the Beaulieu river, where one may find not only good fishing, but excellent wild-duck shooting. Lord Montagu and his wife, who is a sister of the Marquis of Lothian, are both favourites of the King and Queen. With one of the most winning personalities, a genial smile and a good word for everybody, Lord Montagu is one of the most sporting of our Peers. He is just as much able to enjoy himself in a rough motoring expedition, or in winning the International trophy for motor-launches, steering his frail bark at break-neck speed, and getting drenched to the skin, as he is in taking part in a shoot over some famous covers. Perfectly unaffected, without a shadow of vanity, he spends his time between the extremes of entertaining his monarch, making speeches in the House of Lords on motoring, writing leading articles on motoring subjects, or, what is, perhaps, the dearest thing to his heart, editing his bright little paper, *The Car*, which is imbued with its Editor's personality. Lord Montagu is always in a desperate hurry. He invariably has half a dozen important engagements on hand at once, and the versatility with which he can turn from one subject to another is really amazing.

Photo *Dixon*

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

The popular motoring peer whom the King and Queen visited at Beaulieu Place during Cowes Week. Lord Montagu is the winner of the International trophy, and is above seen at the wheel of the *Yarrow-Napier*

* * *

A Pen-Portrait of the Owner of Beaulieu

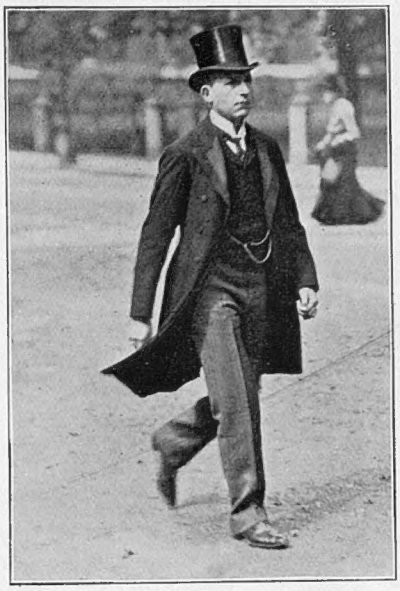
I cannot refrain from giving just one other little pen-portrait of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. He had been very busy in his office, attended, as every Editor understands, by a succession of importunate callers, and was due that afternoon to go down, I believe, to the Duke of Portland's. His secretary anxiously reminded him that time was flying, and, at last, with only the barest margin to catch his train, Lord Montagu seized his belongings, which he had gathered together in the greatest haste, and fled downstairs to a hansom waiting. His belongings! Under his arm he carried a tattered brown-paper parcel, in which he had hastily thrown together some dress clothes and shooting rig. As he descended the stairs, the parcel began to shed the various portions of its contents, and most of his staff were desperately following in his wake picking up studs, pumps, and neck-ties for him. But the funniest picture was when he reached the great ducal mansion, where a galaxy of gorgeous flunkeys were assembled to assist the noble lord out of the motor which met him. They beheld a restless, energetic young man, whose hair wanted cutting, wearing the shabbiest of flannel suits, and whose tattered brown-paper parcel, after its journey still more tattered, was still shedding its contents far and near!

* * *

Mrs. Myles Kennedy—A Correction

I regret that a paragraph which appeared in last week's issue, concerning Mrs. Myles Kennedy, should have inaccurately assumed her to be the wife of Mr. Myles Kennedy, owner of the yacht *White Heather*. Mrs. Myles Kennedy requests me to state that she is married to her first cousin, Mr. Myles Kennedy, of Stone Cross, Ulverston, whose first cousin, Mr. Myles Burton Kennedy, the owner of *White Heather*, is unmarried.

The Townshend Case: A Chance for Playwrights



Mr. Robins

The Townshend Case

I am sure none of our unimaginative playwrights can now have any excuse for wanting a play to fill the fashionable theatres. There is a plot ready-made for them, which might be called *All On the Make*, and which was presented at the Law Courts last week, with the following cast :—

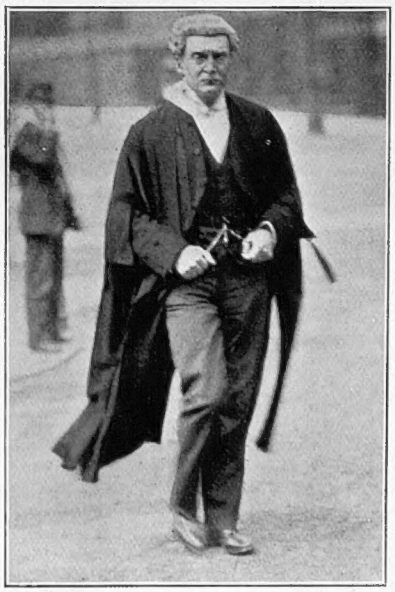
THE MARQUIS TOWNSHEND: A nobleman, connected with Royalty, but of impoverished estate. In appearance, a funny little gentlemen, about 4 feet in height, with a shrill falsetto voice. Is anxious to bestow his hand on a lady of large fortune. Hears that the father of Miss Gladys Sutherst is an extremely wealthy man, who would settle about £60,000 on him. He marries the lady.

DUNNE: A marriage broker, though incidentally, in spare time, a Government clerk. Arranges to introduce his noble client to the Sutherst family, the stipulation being that he receives 10 per cent. of the settlement money, proposed to be £27,000. He has to halve this commission with a lady of title.

Mr. THOMAS SUTHERST: A gentleman by profession, *i.e.*, a barrister, and also a company promoter. Lives in a lavish way at West-End hotels, and altogether acts and looks the part of the successful man to whom money is nothing. Has a great idea that if he manages the Townshend estates there will be a fortune in it. As somebody—not he, of course—impresses the fact of his supposed wealth on the Marquis, he agrees to "settle" £27,000 on his daughter on the Marquis marrying her ("to find £27,000 under certain circumstances," he says). He ultimately proves to be an undischarged bankrupt for something over a quarter of a million.

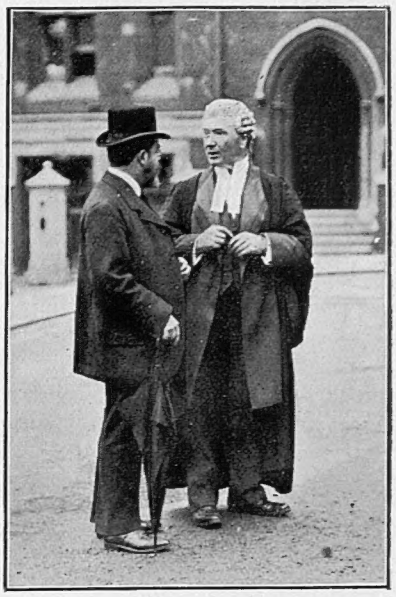
ROBINS: An ex-clergyman, once a friend of the Marquis, and the mysterious character in the play. Seems to be the only person who succeeds in feathering his nest out of the Townshend estates. Hopes to see Townshend marry a rich girl, as one and all suppose the new Marchioness to be, since it will open up fresh opportunities.

THE MARCHIONESS: A beautiful girl, who, in the interim of fighting Robins for the possession of her husband, writes verse in praise of love unalloyed with mammon. Says she married the Marquis because she can then better succeed in a sphere of usefulness.



Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C.

There are, of course, minor characters in the play, including, I fear, even a mother-in-law who boxes her noble son-in-law's ears. And the result? Well, Retribution claims its victims all round. The Marquis discovers that not only is his wife dowerless, his father-in-law a bankrupt, and his estates even more involved, but he is locked in his own house and treated as insane. The marriage broker gets a paltry £230 instead of £2,700, and is thoroughly disgusted at the swindle. Sutherst finds the estates are hopelessly involved, and is unable, as he had hoped, to raise the wind on them. Robins discovers that there are no more pickings to be had, and if there were he would not get any.



Mr. Sutherst

And so home! Well, ladies and gentlemen, here is a pretty little domestic comedy for you! The characters in *All On the Make* meet with their well-merited reward; but now Lord Townshend's affairs are to be kept from any harpies by the finding of the Jury, I, for one, hope that the poor man may sink to a well-earned oblivion.

The Prince and Princess of Wales

Before joining the Princess of Wales and his children at Abergeldie Castle, Aberdeenshire, the Prince is to shoot with the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Ripon, and Lord de Grey in Yorkshire. At

Mr. Montague Lush, K.C.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The famous Inquiry, instituted by the Crown, before Mr. Justice Bucknill, into the state of the mind of the Marquis Townshend, came to an end on Saturday, when the Jury pronounced the verdict that the Marquis "was capable of taking care of himself, but not of his affairs." In summing up, the Judge made some scathing comments on the part played in the drama by Mr. Sutherst, the Marchioness's father, and by Mr. Robins, the "figure in the background," who exercised so baneful an influence on the Marquis

Kings and People at Cowes

Bolton Abbey, where the Duchess of Devonshire has invited a large party and many good shots to meet the Prince, the prospects of grouse are only moderate. Like everyone else, the Duke lost a great many birds during the cold, wet hatching season, but on preserves as carefully kept as the Duke's, the Deluge itself would have difficulty in doing much damage! The Princess, I am told, has been having a real holiday with her children at Frogmore Lodge. Cowes, the much-travelled Princess bars. A yachtswoman more by necessity than inclination, the Princess finds the relaxing climate of the Isle of Wight absolutely impossible, and, besides, as she told a friend a little while ago, she has "seen enough of ships and trains to content her for many a long day." The Queen, too, is in Scotland, stopping with her daughter, the Duchess of Fife, at Mar Lodge, that most Scottish of all Scottish houses, where the life is so Scottish, even Scotsmen sometimes fail to recognise it for their own!

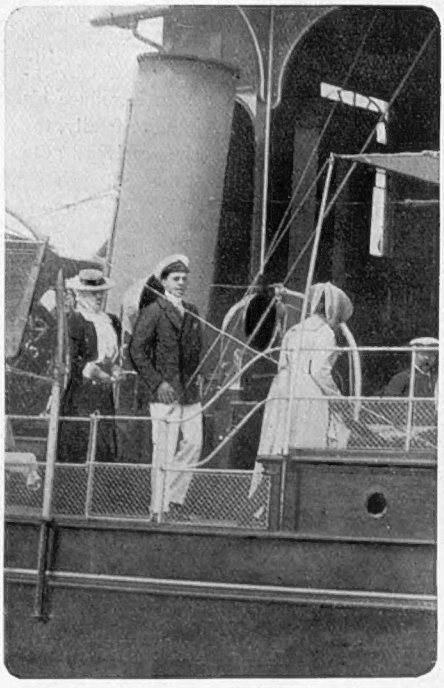


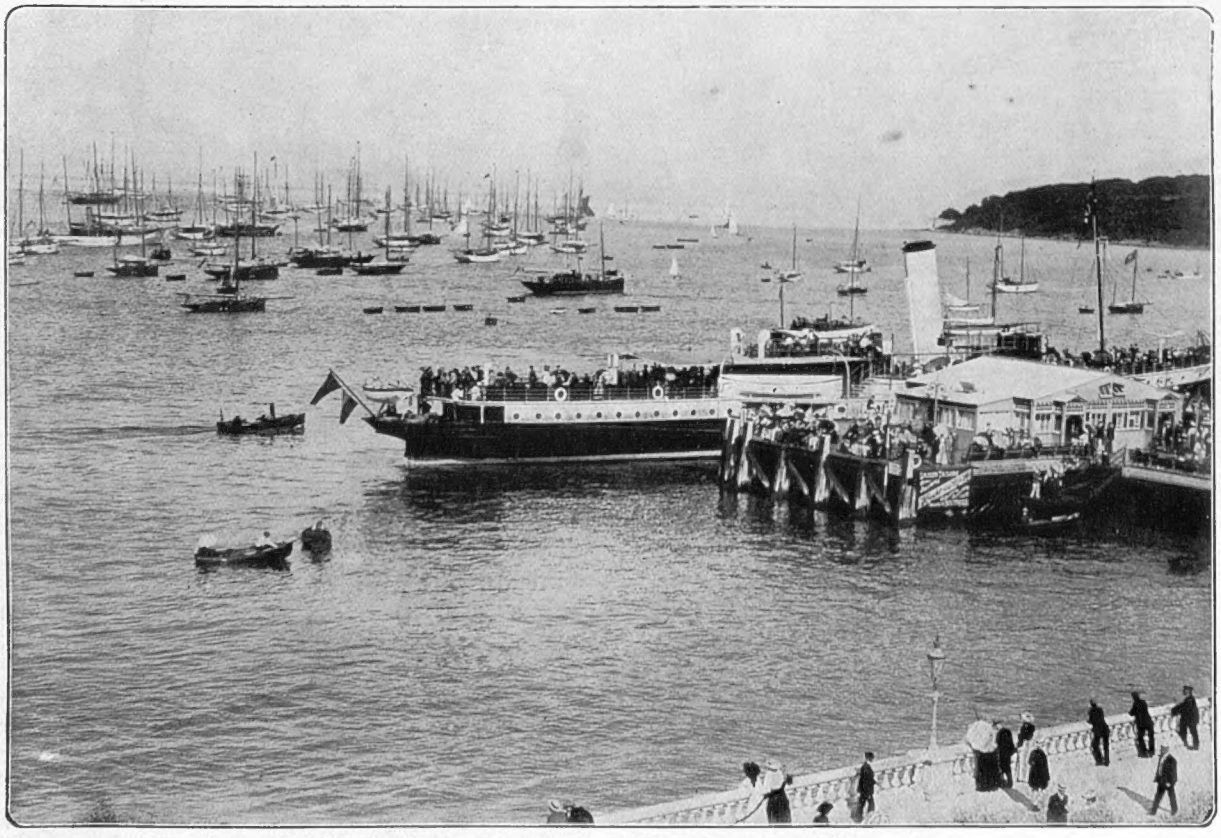
Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The King and Queen of Spain on board the "Sheila"

King Alfonso's visit to Cowes this year, accompanied by the Queen, helped to attract popular interest in the Regatta, the King's free-and-easy manner and genial good humour having increased his popularity in this country

Another "Record" Week

Every function this season has been a "record" one. Ascot, Henley, Goodwood, the Derby, all favoured with the most glorious English summer weather, were all successes, from a social point of view at any rate. And so it has been with Cowes. Outdoor life was the order of the day, and the scene in the Club gardens, morning, afternoon, and evening, was a brilliant and ever-changing one. The King and Queen were, of course, the cynosure of all eyes, and it was very funny to note the way in which every yachtsman of His Majesty's build was put down as "The King" by the crowds which flocked round the Club gates. As a matter of fact, their Majesties made a point of leaving the Royal Yacht as seldom as possible; the King, because his knee is giving him a good deal of trouble, and the Queen because, of course, she is still in mourning, a white hat and veil being her only departure from mourning garb. Queen Victoria, always in the most severe and correct



The Popular Side of Cowes: View of the Roads from the shore

The King at Cowes

The King boarding the "Britannia"

His Majesty made a daily cruise in the Solent on board his famous old yacht, the *Britannia*. The King, who is seen astern in the launch above, was, however, "at home" and in State on the newer *Victoria and Albert*, where the Queen has been during the week

white or blue yachting costumes, is looking in the most radiant health and spirits; and the King of Spain, well, he makes jokes all day, and behaves altogether like the boy he is. To his mother-in-law he is the very soul of politeness, and it is quite delightful to see them together. He is intensely popular in the town itself, for when he came ashore in the evening he made a practice of walking about amongst the townspeople and holiday folks without the slightest ceremony. He has a wonderful store of nervous energy, and is always intensely amused, keenly interested, or frankly bored.

* * *

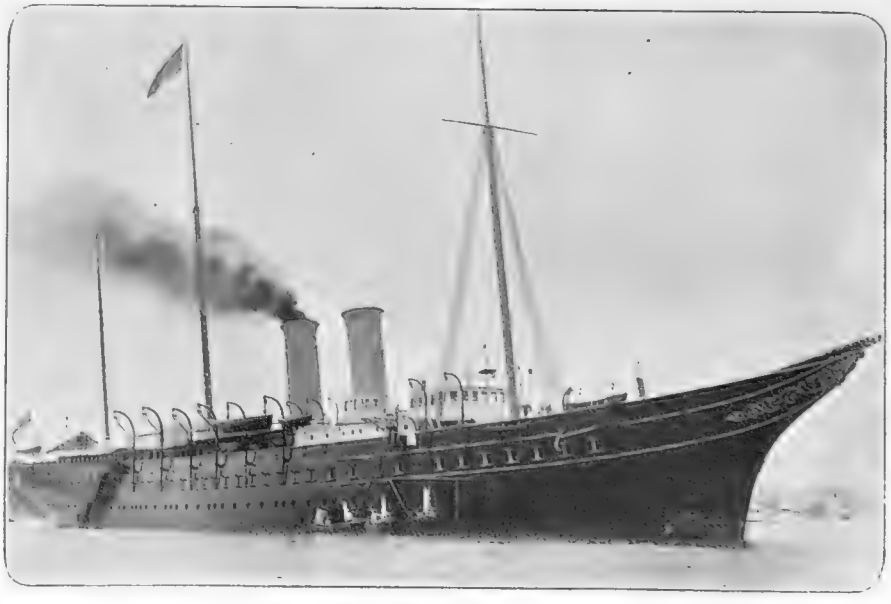
The King on the "Britannia"

The Royal yachts were all dressed in their very smartest rig. The guardship *Renown*, with her snow-white sides, tall masts, and green water-line, just as she returned from India, made a very imposing ship-in-waiting to the *Victoria and Albert*, and the King's old boat, *Britannia*, was the scene of a daily cruise by the Royal family party. To say who was there is to recapitulate what has been said a hundred times, for Cowes is the one place where the same people turn up year after year. A list compiled two years ago of the yachts and people there would probably serve with but few alterations for this year's regatta, except that, of course, this season, the invasion of the motor-boat has been the great novelty. One of the new hostesses this time was Mrs. Godfrey Baring, the wife of the Member of Parliament for the Island, who had a large house-party for the week. Mrs. Baring is very popular indeed on the Island, and her Scotch and Welsh descent—she is a daughter of The Mackintosh—does not seem to make the relaxing climate of the Island any hardship to her.

* * *

Wail from Woodhall Spa

From a military correspondent we have received a moderately worded, but unmistakably sincere, protest against the description which appeared in our issue of August 1 of Woodhall Spa. Before proceeding to publish the view of our correspondent, we can only state that the grievance he complains of was aired by several visitors before the writer of the article, who thought it inadvisable at the time to refer to it. The wandering correspondent is inclined to see the beauty of a place and to pass over blemishes in the form of local controversies. At the same time, the regular visitor is entitled to refer to a state of affairs which affects him very closely. Our correspondent asserts that our picture of the place would have been a faithful one two years ago. "The management," he writes, "has now seen fit to close the old links, as also the tennis and croquet courts, where at present the band stand is erected. The whole of this part of the park-like grounds being absolutely shut in by



The Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert"

On which the King and Queen have spent Cowes Week. The yacht is practically a floating palace, 439 ft. long and 11,000 h.-p. The State dining-room accommodates thirty to forty guests, and the yacht has on board an electric elevator and also wireless telegraphic apparatus for communicating with the shore

An Arch-Ritualist and His Tabernacle

lofty palisading which, surmounted as it is by a yard or more of coarse sacking, completely shuts out the view." Our correspondent contends that the establishment of new links and courts further away now debars the invalids in their chairs from watching golfers at play, and from sitting in the evening with the rest of the company who were interested in the games. The new order of things, however acceptable to athletic visitors, would certainly seem to have taken away from the invalids an outlet for the vicarious pleasure to be derived from watching the games which they are no longer able to play.

* * *

Lord Halifax and His Church

No one is more interested in the forthcoming debates on the Education Bill in the Lords than Lord Halifax, the president of the English Church Union and the devoted follower of those leaders of the Oxford Movement, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Newman. Lord Halifax's admirable speeches in the House of Lords early in the Session, by the way, on the South African question, proved that he is not only interested in matters ecclesiastical. Truly, he has left no stone unturned by which the High Church Cause could be forwarded. So greatly have his views incensed the extreme Low Churchmen (pardon the word "incensed") that the crucifixes at his beautiful church at Hickleton during the Anti-Ritual Campaign of some three or four years ago were torn down and destroyed by the "Kensit-ites." A few days ago, at the Church of the Cowley Fathers, just outside Oxford, I was shown the beautiful, wonderfully carved screen Lord Halifax has given them, and outside, on the great square buttressed tower, is the Calvary, carved in stone, like the Crucifix, which also is at Hickleton, and which can be seen in our picture. There Holy Communion was celebrated but four times a year, though no one but two or three old people ever dreamed of communicating, while Mass, with all its ancient adjuncts, is said daily and constantly. The lamps in the Sanctuary are lit, fasts and festivals are observed with all the rigour of ancient tradition, and an altar covers the grave (with "a representation of the Blessed Trinity with adoring Angels holding the Chalice of Salvation" in the window above it) of Lord Halifax's uncle, perhaps the most devoted, most earnest follower of the Oxford Movement who ever existed.

Photo **Lord Halifax** [*Russell*

Who is taking an active part in the debates on the Education Bill in the Lords on behalf of the High Church party

Photo *W. H. Joel*

The Church at Hickleton, Lord Halifax's Yorkshire seat

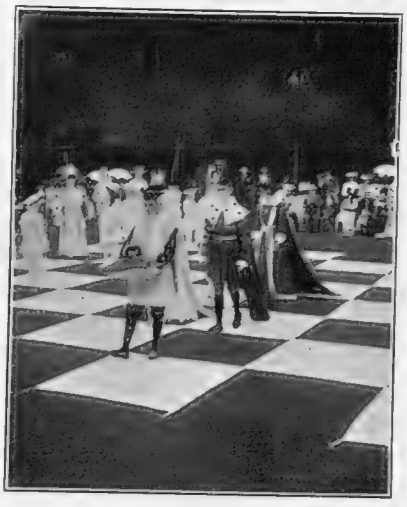
Wherein Lord Halifax's High Church doctrines find extreme expression, in which Mass is regularly said, and crucifixes and effigies abound—much to the annoyance, violently manifested, of the Low Church extremists (Kensit-ites), who raided the Sanctuary three or four years ago

Living Chess at Tiverton

Living Chess at Tiverton

A form of pageantry which has the merit of being both picturesque and of sporting interest is "living chess." If the costumes are tastefully arranged—as they were in the contest at Tiverton, illustrated on this page—and the young people playing of presentable appearance, the movings to and fro are extremely pretty to the eye. Such little spectacles as the "check" to the king—which is often musically declaimed in unison by the attacking side—the taking of a piece, and his removal from the board, and the final scenes of checkmate and surrender, are most pleasing to the eye. Though not, as previously proclaimed, a lover of pageantry, I have a warm corner in my heart for living chess, having been, in days far agone, a pawn myself in a local game.

* * *



Living Chess at Tiverton: The march out

Quite a picturesque form of "pageantry" is that of Living Chess, a fine display of which was given at Tiverton, in the presence of an appreciative audience. Above, a red piece is being marched off the board after being taken by white

"Papa, Maman, et Bêbé"

Whether the interesting event in the penguin family which has lately taken place at the Zoological Gardens drew that vast crowd to the Zoo last Bank Holiday or not I cannot say, but certain it is that no less than 27,694 persons spent a happy day there. Great interest, however, was displayed in the baby penguins. Father P. in the picture looks like the Kaiser after the birth of the baby grandson, doesn't he? I am glad, by the way, to note that the Zoo continues to attract Bank Holiday visitors, for I'm sure it must be a far more restful and even rural retreat than many of the noisy and dusty so-called country and seaside places. One of the clearest recollections of my childhood is the look of withering scorn the giraffe gave me when I offered him that portion of my bun I really could not tackle. And talking of buns, this is what those 27,694 persons consumed within the precincts of the Zoo last Monday week:—

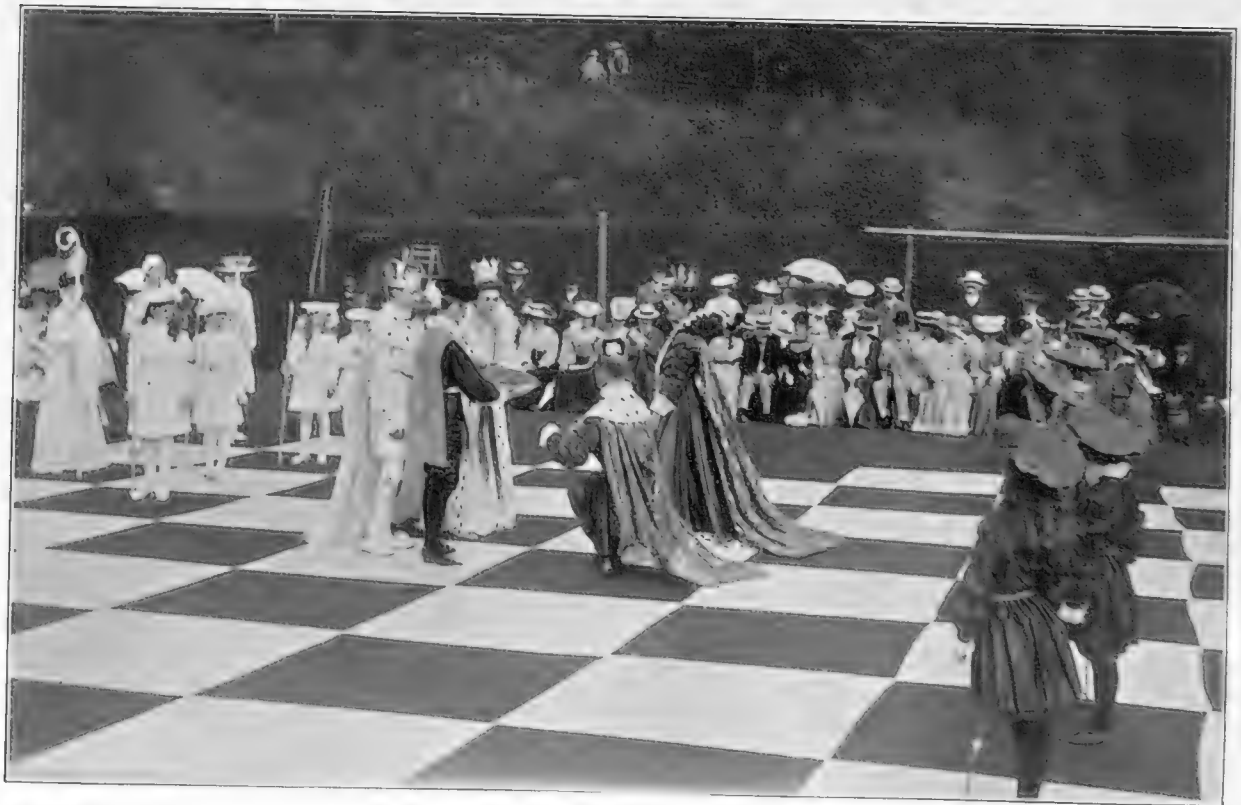
DRINKS.

16,000 milks.
8,000 ginger beers.
3,000 lemonades.
2,400 bottles of Bass's Ale.

EATS.

2,400 sandwiches.
14,000 penny buns.
9,000 fancy buns.
600 sausage rolls.
500 lbs. of cake.

There is a pleasing consumption of milk which should delight the teetotalers, but to me there is something weirdly wild in the subtle distinction "penny" buns and "fancy" buns. Evidently, too, the recent Chicago disclosures have influenced the usual sprightly sale of sausage rolls!



Photos] **Living Chess at Tiverton: The king's surrender** *[H. E. Hall*

Living Chess is an improvement on the other kind, because of the succession of little spectacles presented by the moves of the various pieces. The above, showing the red king's surrender, after checkmate, to his white conquerors, is a case in point

Parental Penguins at the Zoo

The "Flitch"

To secure immunity from conjugal strife, it is evidently a sound tip to take up one's abode in Bow or, failing that, Bristol, for to residents in these places has the Dunmow flitch of ancient tradition been awarded. This year, two flitches were awarded, but I believe there have been lean years, when it was not found possible to bestow even one. And yet the only qualification for its attainment is that a couple should have lived together for two years without quarrelling, the assumption evidently being the cynical one that if a couple has been able to survive thus long without quarrelling, then bliss must be for ever their portion. In a higher state of society two weeks has sometimes proved sufficient, only, in that state, one does not so openly declare it to a world which is quite aware of the fact already.

Photo *Berridge*

Penguins as proud parents

For the first time in England (it is stated) have the penguins at the Zoo figured in the parental rôle. Above are seen the male and female penguins, who have startled the authorities by this triumph o' domesticity, the latter having hatched and reared two baby penguins (penguinettes?). This sitting was promptly followed by another (given to our photographer), with the above result

* * *

The Military Holiday for Schoolboys

I don't want to go into that troubled question whether conscription is a necessary evil or not, for, like politics and religious topics, it is a matter that is best left undiscussed. At the same time, however, I should like to touch on a subject somewhat akin to it, namely that of boys' camps. All over the country the boys' holidays are taking the form of camping, from the Public School boy in his camp at Bisley to one of the many brigade camps at the seaside. I visited the Boys' Brigade Camp at Pagham, near Bognor, last week, where 600 boys, all poor boys from every part of South London, were encamped, and certainly should not have recognised the London office boy, errand boy, printer's devil, and such like in the smart, healthy, well-set-up lads to be seen there. We may involve the country in something like a civil war over Education Bills, but we can't ram health and equally important things down the ordinary Primary School boy's throat. Good food, bathing, inter-company cricket matches, and then in the evening a drill, each of which tends to create in such a class of boys all that is comprised in the words, "the public school spirit," an *esprit de corps* which is certainly an "excellent substitute" for that form of patriotism which is enforced on the Continental conscript.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Bobs" on the warpath (in peace time)

At the Public Schools' Volunteer Camp at Bisley, Lord Roberts, in the course of his inspection, watched the boys shooting for the Shield. While a boy was being tested with a new pattern rifle, the Field Marshal "obliged" by holding the old one for him—an honour the lad will doubtless remember in times to come

Winning the Marriage Handicap

AWARDING THE BLISSFUL BACON FLITCH AT DUNMOW

The Dunmow Flitch: Chairing the winners

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lloyd-Willey, having proved to the judges that they had enjoyed two years of unalloyed matrimonial bliss, were awarded the flitch of bacon, and "chaired" round the meadow. It is not known whether, at the time of going to press, they have saved their bacon

Photos] **The Dunmow Flitch: Administering the oath** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The cross-examination of the claimants—held in a brand new tent on the August Holiday—was severe, and divulged the facts that Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd-Willey had been quite happy, that they had met first at a Scottish ball, and had been engaged for five years before marriage. Who shall now throw stones at the long engagement?

The Gamekeeper's Daily Round

SOME TYPICAL SCENES IN FIELD AND FOREST

NEGOTIATING THE FESTIVE FERRET

Feeding him **Training him for work**

The feeding and training of ferrets is quite an important branch of the gamekeeper's work, for this rodent requires skilful handling

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

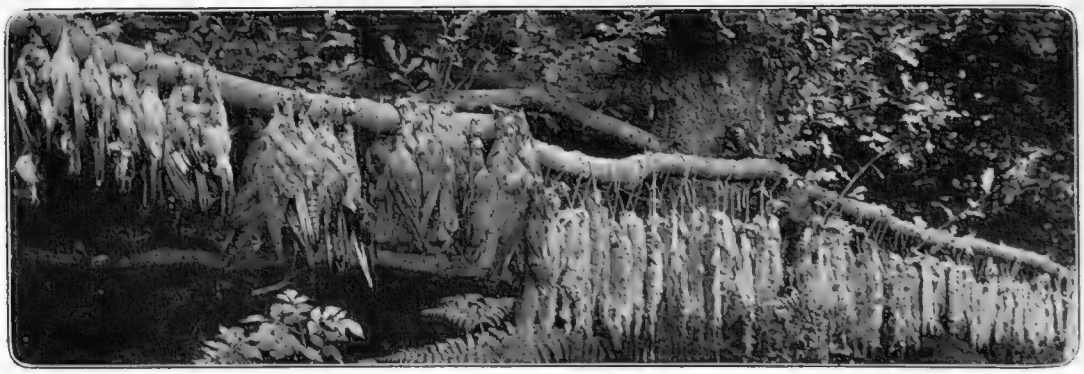
TWO SPECIES OF TRAPS

Effective poacher-traps can be formed by stretching wire across likely places which is attached to alarm guns. Also, the crude, old-fashioned scarecrow is no longer considered enough to frighten the *blasé* bird of to-day. It is necessary to rig up a figure so that it is realistic to the last point

The Fate of Poachers

"Got 'im!"

A gamekeeper's life is one of unceasing vigilance to guard against the depredations of every kind of poacher



Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Stringing up the Slain: The Valhalla of the victims

It is almost part of a gamekeeper's religion that no vermin he kills be buried. Instead of placing them underground, they are strung on a pole, partly, no doubt, "*pour décourager les autres*" and partly, perhaps, to proclaim to one's master the extreme activity of his gamekeeper

Grouse Shooting Begins

A Late Start on the Scotch Moors

Although the "Twelfth" is past and gone, the majority of the Scotch moors will not be disturbed until late in the week. Many, indeed, will not be shot over before the end of the month. Right at the beginning of the season the Scotch grouse are unfitted to uphold their reputation for strength and wildness. They are a great deal more backward than birds of the Yorkshire moors, and there can be little excitement or enjoyment in shooting at game which is physically incapable of taking a good flight for its life. In consequence, the start all round will be later in Scotland than in England. The matter rests entirely at the discretion of the shooting-tenant, whose sporting instincts will generally forbid the extermination of young birds not yet strong on the wing. Unfortunately, there are certain tenants in whom the true spirit of sport seems latent or even non-existent, and it is these folk who seize upon the very first chance of shooting, working their moors for all they are worth. After they have killed off the young birds over dogs, then accounted for the old grouse in a series of drives, and perhaps gone over the high ground later in the season for "refugees," there can only be an insignificant stock left for next year. In this way the grouse stock is seriously depleted, and much friction caused between landlord and tenant.

* * *

Prospects of the Season

Taken all round, prospects are not particularly brilliant, but with luck it should be an average season. That spell of severe weather at the end of April and the beginning of May wreaked much havoc on the moors, countless eggs and chicks being destroyed by the wet and frost. Happily, the second broods encountered much more favourable weather, and are reported to be satisfactory in point of numbers, so that while the outlook was very gloomy two months ago, it has been gradually, but surely, improving, and the latest accounts from the North are distinctly hopeful. The magnificent moors of Inverness-shire will yield fair sport, and in Perthshire the birds are numerous enough, though small and backward so far, owing to late nesting. From the counties of Aberdeen, Forfar, and Fife, the reports are tolerably encouraging, but they do not expect a good season on the Lammermuir Hills, where nearly all the first broods were destroyed by the storms of May. Throughout the Borderland the outlook is less promising than farther North, and one correspondent in the Hawick district declares that we shall have not more than one bird for twenty which existed at this time last year.

* * *

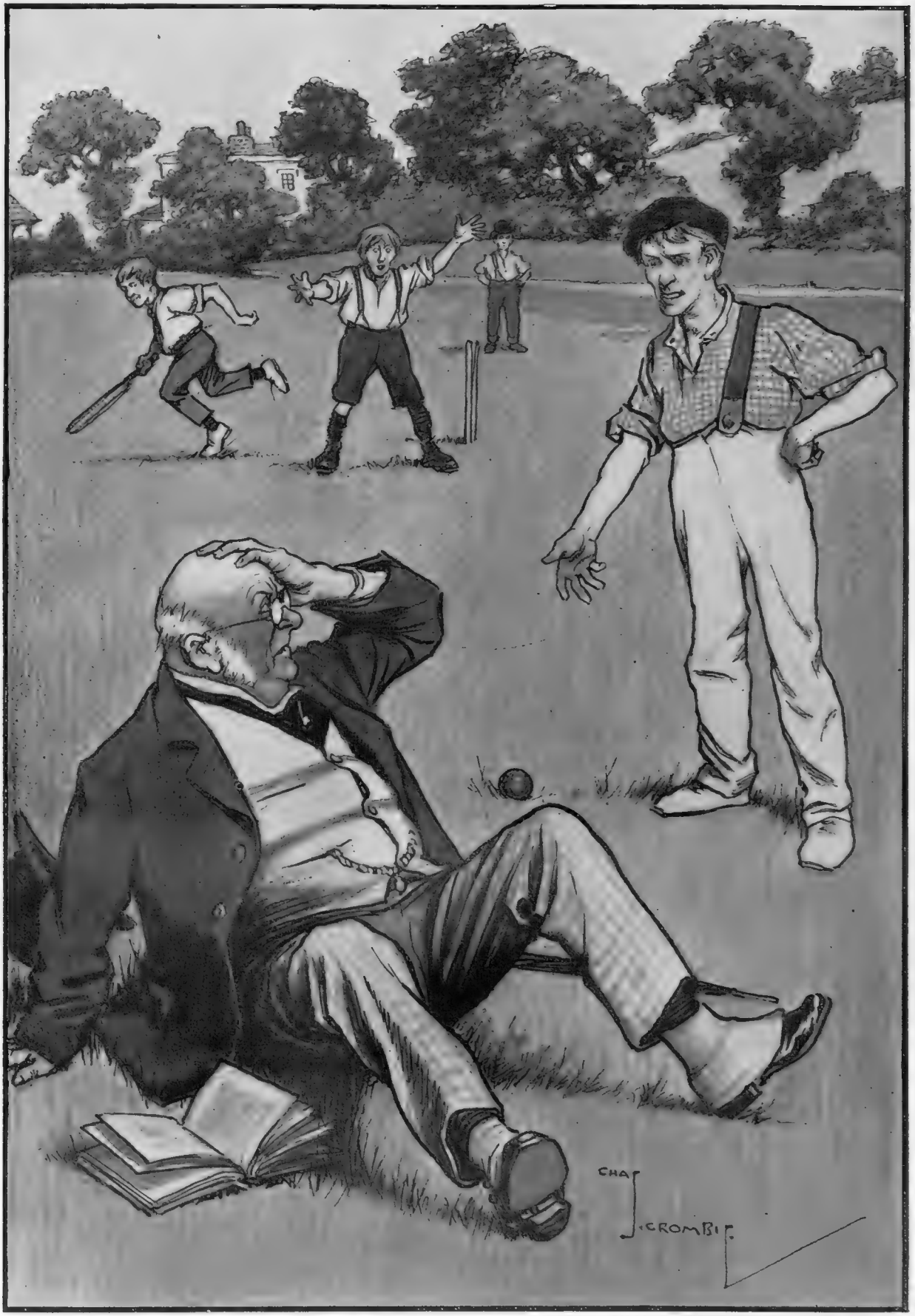
On the Moors of Yorkshire

In many parts of Yorkshire and Westmoreland prospects are below the average, but good sport is anticipated on the Bolton Abbey moors, where the Duke of Devonshire will entertain as usual a large shooting party. Mr. C. E. Hunter still leases the famous Wemmergill Moors in Teesdale, and also takes the Riggside Moors from Lord Barnard. At these places there have been a great improvement in the prospects, thanks to the splendid weather of the past six weeks. The Prince of Wales, a wonderfully good shot, is staying with Lord Ripon for the opening week of the season, and the sport from Studley Royal is likely to be up to the average. The young broods were very backward a month ago on Lord Ripon's Dallowgill moors and the neighbouring Grantley moors, but the birds have come on amazingly lately. The same tale is being told on most of the best moors of Yorkshire.

BYSTANDER.

THE DAWN OF THE "TWELFTH" DRAWN BY CECIL SCRUBY

Those "Playing Fields" Again



CAPTAIN (*to Professor who has chosen a rural retreat for a dip into his favourite philosopher*): "Why don't yer look where yer a sittin', spoiling our game"

DRAWN BY CHAS. J. CROMBIE

The Seaside and Its "Pleasures"

The cult of the spade and pail shows little sign of declining popularity with the youngsters

On the contrary, sand-digging is now a recognised form of art, with practising professors like the above at different coast resorts

The burnt-cork "comic" nigger man continues, oddly enough, to attract audiences, so ingenuous does one become at the seaside, while—

Photos *Bunnett*

The display of infantile limbs (with occasional parental contributions) continues unchecked, thanks to the perennial attraction of paddling for the young folk, despite all that has been said about its unhealthiness

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

Heine, having once been badly dealt with by one of his co-religionists, revenged himself on the whole race by remarking, that "if Abraham had sacrificed Isaac instead of a goat, there would now be more goats in the world and less Jews." In the same way, when *impresarios* and managers of lyric theatres complain of the dearth of tenors, they make the singing-masters responsible for this sad state of things. "Were it not for the professional voice-breakers," they will tell you, "we should have more tenors."

* * *

"Mannequins"

But who is answerable for the gradual disappearance of the *mannequin*? "There are no more *mannequins!*" is the cry now raised by the rulers of Fashion, the great *couturiers*. If you look the word up in the dictionary, you will find it means "lay figure" and is of the masculine gender. But the dictionary is wrong. A *mannequin* is a good-looking, admirably formed young lady, whose mission is to dress herself in her employer's latest "creations," and to impart to them the grace which only perfect forms can give. Her grammar may be bad, and her temper worse, but she must have the *chic* the Parisienne possesses, no matter whether she hails from the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain or from the Faubourg Montmartre.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The "Omni-bike": Paris discovers the ideal way of going en famille to the seaside

The above scheme, by which papa, mamma, and *les enfants* can be conveyed compactly to Trouville or Dieppe, has recently been seen moving out of Paris. How would it suit the British paterfamilias?

* * *

Their Role in Life

Let us enter one of those wonderful dressmaking establishments in the Rue de la Paix. In one of the corners, apart from the "*Vendeuse*," the saleswoman, who does the talking, you will see half a dozen magnificent creatures polishing their nails and whispering to one another. They are the *mannequins*. "Mademoiselle Claire!" calls out a forewoman, whereupon one of these beautiful creatures rises and slowly enters a small room, where the sixty-five-year-old Mme. de X wants to look at a toilette. The *mannequin* then divests herself of the dark cloth dress—supplied to her by the establishment—that moulds her form to perfection, and exchanges it for the toilette that has taken Mme. de X's fancy. She looks irresistible in it, as she would in no matter what garment; but Mme. X, hypnotised into the belief that it is the effect of the dress, promptly orders one for herself.

* * *

Their Disappearance

The *mannequin* goes through this performance many times during the day, and her salary is £8 per month. This same *mannequin*, however who earns £8 spends £80 per month; and if, thus far, she has not thrown up her engagement, it is because her position in the "house" gave her a decided prestige; the very name of *mannequin* being a hall-mark, an official recognition, of physical beauty. Of late, however, these young ladies have grown tired of their functions, and prefer to spend the winter on the Riviera and the summer in a fashionable watering-place. No other candidates are coming forward to take their places, and *Messieurs les couturiers* are trying to discover the cause of this evolution in the dressmaking world.

* * *

Harun al Raschid II.

If, instead of being Minister of the Interior, M. Clémenceau bore the title of Caliph, he surely would be called Harun al Raschid the Second. M. Clémenceau does not assume a disguise when he wanders through the Paris streets, but, like the famous gentleman in "The Arabian Nights," he pounces at unexpected hours upon different officials to see whether they perform their duty. Who told M. Clémenceau that the bread served out to the female prisoners in St. Lazare was of inferior quality? Mystery. All we know is that our Prime Minister knocked at the door of the grim building, and said he had come to "taste the bread." And taste it he did; and what is more, he found fault with

it. So much so that he decided to introduce there what he called a sweeping reform. M. Clémenceau is an intelligent, well-meaning man; but since he busies himself with St. Lazare, would it not be better if he used his influence to sweep away this Gehenna, a disgrace to modern civilisation?

* * *

Peregrinating Statues

It constantly happens that the stranger, who admired a statue in one of our public gardens, finds on his next visit to Paris that it has disappeared from its pedestal. There would be something uncanny in the peregrinations of these stone effigies were it not that we know what causes these sudden removals. Politics with us are at the bottom of all things. A statue is put up to please somebody; a little later it is taken away to please someone else. This is what occurred to Marat's memorial. Baffier, the great sculptor, had made it as a pendant to his Louis XI. The city of Paris bought it, and set it up in the park of Montsauris, where it was admired by many as a splendid work of art.

* * *

A Senator's Objections

One day, however, a Senator who had strayed to that outlying district came across Marat, and was shocked. Marat, as we all know, is not reckoned among the Saints, and what we read of him in history does not tend to raise him in our esteem. For all that, it was a mistake that, at this Senator's request, the unoffending statue should have been carted away and put out of sight. That Senator was a fair representative of that terrible creature, the average man, who, in a work, only sees the subject and not the artistic side. *Monsieur le Sénateur* had a horror of everything that reminded him of the Revolution, and, therefore, this effigy became an eyesore to him. The zealots who smashed Pagan statues, and the iconoclasts who knocked the heads off the Saints at the doors of the Cathedrals, asked in the same spirit. The artistic value of these works did not appeal to them any more than to the Senator.

* * *

Faked Sèvres

Imitation, we are told, is a high form of flattery. Possibly. But it certainly is not profitable so far as our pockets are concerned. France is justly proud of its Sèvres porcelain industry, and a Frenchman walking through the streets of London, Vienna, Berlin, etc., notices with pleasure Sèvres cups, statuettes, and plates exposed for sale in the art dealers' shop-windows. But if that Frenchman is anything of a connoisseur, he will discover on closer inspection that most of these articles are imitations. For it has come to light that "faked" Sèvres to the tune of £4,000,000 is manufactured annually, and brings in the respectable profit of £10,000,000. A Sèvres plate of the Empire period is made—including the forged mark—for half a crown. It is sold for double the price to the commission agent, who charges the curio dealer ten shillings. And then, at once, the price rises to a wonderful altitude, but £6 is the current figure charged by the London and New York dealers. The country where all this trash is manufactured—for the Sèvres imitations are in most cases clumsy and lacking in taste—is, almost needless to say, the Fatherland. Leipsic and Berlin are great centres for this nefarious industry, and agents travel all over Europe offering their wares, and taking orders. They will supply you with old Sèvres, bearing the marks LL before the Revolution; the D of Louis XVIII.; the X of Charles X.; the N of the Empire, etc. The Sèvres porcelain is even imitated in France, but it is only in Germany that they forge the marks, sending the goods to countries where the law cannot interfere with them.

Lancelot

Photo] **How to Avoid the Dust Nuisance: Bicycling on the "Briny!"** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Jessie Canna, of New York, has hit off one way by which a cyclist can avoid the dust-fiend. She has taken her bicycle to sea, and made it ride the waves of the Battery Basin, New York. Her sea-cycle consists of the ordinary tricycle frame attached to three cylinder-shaped boats, and, as seen above, is quite a workable contrivance

THE BYSTANDER SUPPLEMENT

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INTENDED MERELY TO REFRESH THE MEMORY OF THE PLAYGOER WHO MAY LIKE TO ANSWER THE QUESTION PROPOUNDED BELOW. A WHOLE NUMBER OF "THE BYSTANDER" DEVOTED TO THIS QUESTION IN PICTORIAL FORM WOULD NOT EXHAUST THE LIST OF PRETTY ACTRESSES. AT THE SAME TIME, THERE ARE SUFFICIENT INDIVIDUAL TYPES OF BEAUTY DISPLAYED IN THIS SUPPLEMENT TO PLEASE THE MOST FASTIDIOUS MASCULINE CRITIC OF FEMININE BEAUTY

Photo *Bassano*

MISS ZENA DARE

Who has all the beauty of regular features in repose and a pretty smile withal. This combination is not so common as it might seem

Who is the Prettiest Actress?

Photo] MISS GRACE PINDAR [*Bassano*

Whose dark and majestic beauty would fit her to play the rôle of tragedy queen. Truly the musical comedy stage is graced by many who would appear to advantage in much less frivolous surroundings!

Who is the Prettiest Actress?

Photo *Bassano*

MISS PAULINE CHASE

Whose pure Saxon type of beauty—fair hair and blue eyes—recalls that famous saying, *Angeli non Angli*

Who is the Prettiest Actress?

Photo Bassano

MISS DORIS STOCKER

Whose countenance is the very incarnation of youthful merriment and innocent fun. She was very much in her element in *The Schoolgirl*

Who is the Prettiest Actress?

Photo *Bassano*

MISS PHYLLIS DARE

Who, as this weird setting shows, can command a very mystical and soulful expression. Like her sister Zena, she has a merry and most engaging smile. There is no sameness about the expressions of either of these attractive sisters

Who is the Prettiest Actress?

Photo MISS BETTY CALLISH [*Bassano*

For whose attractiveness there is no word in Anglo-Saxon. The Irish *civilment* and the French *diablerie* best express the charm of this young lady, who made her first success as a coquettish French maid

Photo MISS EDNA MAY [*Bassano*

Who "created herself," as it were, for Englishmen, in her rôle of the Salvation Lassie in the "Belle of New York," and who is the prime representative of the "demure" (Puritanical) style of beauty on the modern stage

Photo. *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS LILY ELSIE

Whose features recall the Greek models, upon the reproduction of which art students spend laborious days. Miss Elsie is here seen in a classical garb, which suits her to perfection

MISS MAUDE FEALY

A "Fair Rosamund" indeed. Miss Fealy, an American, was first seen in London in *Sherlock Holmes*, and played leading lady with the late Sir Henry Irving during his last season in London

The Evolution of a Country Cottage—No. IV.

MY FARMHOUSE AT FLANSHAM, AS IT WAS—AND IS

By H. P. SCATLIFF

About six years ago, I was spending my summer holiday at Bognor, and, as usual, had worried all the local estate agents to know whether they had a cottage for sale in the neighbourhood with "a bit of land to it." I was given an order to view an "old farmhouse in the village of Flansham, about two and a half miles from Bognor, on the road to Littlehampton, and about three-quarters of a mile from the sea, with large garden, walled-in orchard, and ten acres of pasture; price (with stock), £950."

My farmhouse after treatment

The writer took possession of an old and dreary flint farm-building, and by the addition of the porch shown on the right was able to give it a by no means unpleasing exterior

What I Found

What a quaint old place it was! It was very old (by the title-deeds I have since found it was built in the reign of Queen Anne), built of split Sussex flints, which were still sharp to the touch, with tiled roofs. I cannot say it was pretty, as the architecture was of the meanest order: the front consisted of just a flat wall of about fifty feet long, with holes for the windows and front door.

Water and Drainage

No sooner had the purchase been completed than I commenced to make some slight alterations, the first being to have the large, roomy porch built, which would, I thought, cut up the long front, and give the place a more picturesque appearance. I had guttering put all round the house carrying the rain-water into a large tank over the porch with the necessary overflow-pipe, and from there took a drain to a cesspool which I had built in the yard. The sanitary arrangements were thus on an equality with those of a house in a town.

Beyond thoroughly painting all the woodwork, and renewing some of that which had perished, little more was done to the outside of the house itself.

I was particular to see that only old tiles were used

The Hall, after alterations

Showing the "Smugglers' Cupboard" in the left-hand top corner, the beams, post, fireplace, and corner cupboard mentioned in the article

for the addition, and, much against the local builder's wishes, I insisted that the "feather-edged" boarding, of which the outside of the porch was built, should be stained with a mixture of boiled oil, "Stockholm" tar, and thin green paint, which almost immediately gave the new portion of the house quite an old look. A couple of winters did the rest, and now it would be difficult to tell that the whole was not built at one and the same time.

The interior of the house was very roomy: "entrance hall, two reception-rooms, kitchen, and good offices on the ground floor, and the first floor (which is approached by two staircases) contains seven bedrooms and large landing," would probably be the description given by the average house and estate agent.

The flooring on the ground floor, with the exception of what was probably called "the best room," consisted entirely of large flags, to which no alteration has been made, whilst upstairs it is composed mostly of very wide elm boards.

"The old and the new"

An old horn lantern and a well-made chair, which is distinctly comfortable and in keeping with an old cottage. It can be purchased almost anywhere for about 7*s.* 6*d.* In the background will be seen the post, the door at foot of stairs, and the doorway of the other sitting-room

The Needed Alterations

The chief alteration inside has taken place in the hall or living room. When I bought the house, there was a mean entrance hall, which was quite dark when the front door was closed. This hall was thrown into the living-room by the removals of the division wall, the staircase boarded in and a door fixed at the foot thereof.

On the removal of the wall, we found a lovely old elm beam in the ceiling, and having fixed one of the old posts in the middle of it from the floor upwards, it gave quite a picturesque appearance to the room. There was another beam across the room which was cased over with matchboarding, and whitewashed with the ceiling. This casing was removed, and we found beneath a fine oak beam of immense size, quite black with age.

By the above simple alterations we transformed a more or less useless hall and smallish room (none too well lighted with its one window) into a large living-room, with the advantage of the light and air to be obtained from the front door.

The beams and post are clearly shown in the photo of the interior, whilst in that of the "Old and the New" the staircase door can be seen.

Beyond redecorating this room (in the course of which a "smugglers' cupboard" was brought to light, it having been canvased over and papered with the rest of the walls) the only other material alteration was to the fireplace. There was a "cheap and nasty" mantel here, made of plaster and painted black. I am "a bit of a carpenter," so I determined to make one in wood to take its place. This was done at a cost of about 2*s.* 6*d.* for materials, being made out of floor-boarding and stained and "faked up" to look the age of the rest of the room. The double brackets each side, with the "grog shelf" between, are a great success.

The Art of Furnishing

In poking about in the walls over this work, I found that there had evidently been an old chimney-corner from the right-hand side of the fireplace to the front walls at one time, and I thought at first we might restore this, but the grate was perfectly serviceable, and knowing how unsatisfactory the chimney-corner is in practice, although so charming in theory, it was thought this alteration, at least, might be postponed.

In furnishing the house the idea has been to have everything, as far as possible, in keeping. Price had to be considered, and, although I should, of course, prefer to have *all* the furniture old, yet the old and the new is so hopelessly mixed up in this old home that it requires an expert to know 'tother from which.

The porch

Showing the massive supports made out of pitch pine

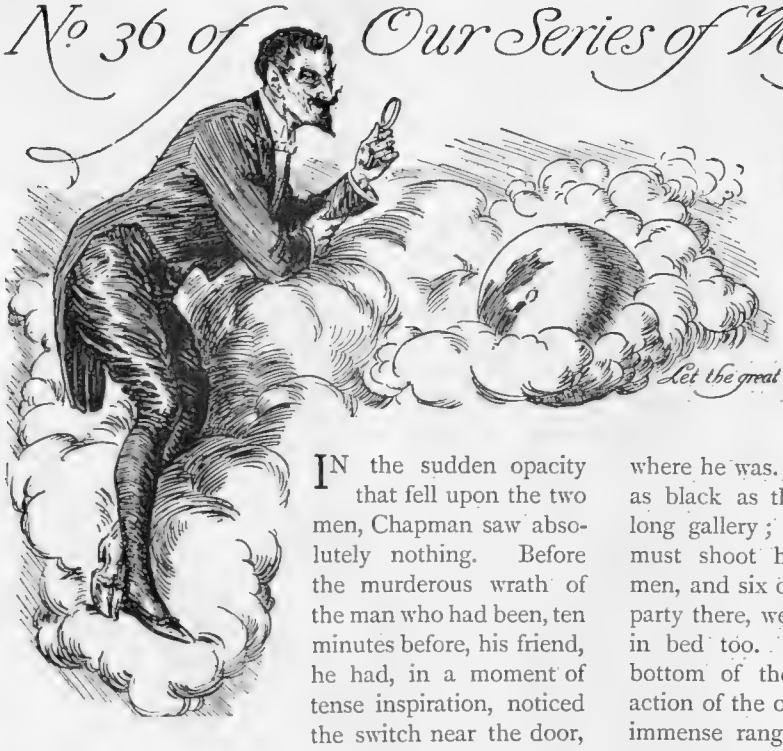
The old oak-gate table shown is really old, and so also is the oak corner cupboard (which was found fixed in an outhouse), with the bottom doors gone and back rotted away, but by doing away with the lower part of the back it makes a useful and much-admired piece of furniture; most of the chairs, however, are quite new.

The idea was to furnish cheaply with strong cottage furniture, yet comfortable withal.

Some Figures for the Curious

It may be of interest to say that the porch (including its flooring of tiles), guttering, drain, etc., were covered by an expenditure of £75, whilst the alterations to the hall cost only £6 10*s.* Quite cheaply, a bathing-hut was bought, and a local farmer charges but 5*s.* per annum to permit it to be put upon his land near the sea, where we have the lovely firm sands (hard enough to play cricket or tennis upon) almost to ourselves.

No. 36 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Below the Stairs

By FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Author of "The Fifth Queen," "The Soul of London," etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IN the sudden opacity that fell upon the two men, Chapman saw absolutely nothing. Before the murderous wrath of the man who had been, ten minutes before, his friend, he had, in a moment of tense inspiration, noticed the switch near the door, stretched out his hand, and, in the instant, blotted the long shooting-gallery, the white target, his friend's vivid, hateful face with the heavy moustaches. The light had been so vivid that it still seemed to press upon his eyes; the darkness was now so thick that it seemed to have blotted out his very senses. He heard no sound, he saw nothing, the darkness only seemed a heavy, warm mantle that encased his limbs and his face alike.

Ten minutes before, Chapman had been a rather commonplace man—with a delicate intrigue, if you will, to carry on—but feeling himself perfectly ordinary—with the consciousness of having eaten his host's good dinner, and of having happily digested it—with the consciousness that in a short time he would go to bed and sleep well, and that if he had betrayed the man with whom he was now idly killing time at the targets, he was at least undiscovered, and would soon extricate himself from the mess by a prudent flight. . . . Now he stood, with his finger on the switch, in the sudden darkness, a convicted villain, in peril of his very life.

He could not believe it; he could not believe that he was a villain any more than he could believe that in a moment he might be a corpse or might have taken a life. There are things that, perhaps, a man can never believe in—just as, in the moment of his first success, months before, Chapman had hardly believed that in seducing his friend's wife he had "committed adultery." The words, the very feeling, were odd, inappropriate, so it seemed odd and inappropriate to put into actual words his exact situation then.

He stood perfectly still; with a sort of instinct he retained his breath between his lips, for fear the sound of his breathing should give to the invisible man that he felt in the darkness an indication of where he was. There was in front of him a picture as black as the blackness that had fallen upon the long gallery; he must either shoot Hode or Hode must shoot him. Their host and the five or six men, and six or seven women, who formed the house-party there, were long since in bed; the servants were in bed too. The shooting-gallery was at the very bottom of the large house; their host, a man of action of the old type, had converted his predecessor's immense range of wine cellars into a subterranean gallery, in which he drilled such of the village children as could be pressed into action, and all of the village young men who had patriotic aspirations.

Hode and Chapman, at the end of a disastrously dull day of rain, feeling no inclination to go to beds that no action had rendered attractive, had, whilst the other guests had their candles, decided to go down to the gallery and shoot off a match of fifty revolver shots. Chapman, who was to set off for a protracted tour of disturbed districts in the Caucasus, had a sufficient motive for proficiency with the revolver. Hode had always been a dead shot.

If he had dared to move, Chapman would have struck himself for his folly in coming; but, gradually, conviction forced itself upon him—so that the whole world seemed nothing—but that vast conviction—that he dare not move. The invisible presence at ten paces from him had the ear of a lynx. He, Chapman, must stand there, perfectly still until he could bring himself to shoot into the darkness of the pit.

An infinity of Time seemed, not to pass, but to stand still, since it is only when visible things seem to pass us in a stream that we can tell that the clock moves. He roused himself to wonder what to do. He held the switch, he would flash light into the room; he would know when it was about to move, he would have his revolver levelled. On the other hand, if he let himself see Hode, he would be letting Hode see him—and Hode was the devil for quick shooting. He could not tell, too, that his own nerve was not destroyed; at the moment he was not quivering at all—but you never could tell how you would take a thing, or how it would affect you. What was he to do? If he fired at random, he might hit Hode; but if he missed, the light of his firing would

Another "Worldly Story" next week

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give Hode an infallible target. What was he to do? He would have to make up his mind soon.

Nevertheless, he had the feeling that he would not have to do anything for a very long time—perhaps he had that feeling only because Time seemed to pass so slowly. And the consideration of what he was to do dropped out of his mind, and then he began again to think of what had passed. . . . It was all due to his invariable self-confidence. Mrs. Hode—it was odd that, in spite of his intimacy with her, that had lasted ever since the Hodes had come back from California, he always thought of her as Mrs. Hode — Mrs. Hode had always been frightfully timorous throughout their illicit connection. She had always started; she had always dreaded being "seen"—in the most obscure places, whether in Greenwich, in Chiswick, or at the Crystal Palace. And he had always laughed comfortingly, for who of their set would be in Greenwich, in Chiswick, or at the Crystal Palace. . . . Suddenly, he felt violently determined to shoot Hode; for he felt a fierce and unmistakable hatred at the thought that, if he, Chapman, died there, or let Hode pass the door, Hode would "expose" Mrs. Hode. No; on no account must Hode leave the room alive. . . . It struck him as odd that he should have that feeling, because he had begun to believe that he no longer cared for her. . . . Yet, at the thought of how she would be affected by disgrace, a cold wave of ice seemed to pass right from his forehead to his knees. . . . He drew in his breath with a hissing sound, and suddenly he heard the tiniest, indistinguishable sound from the centre of the darkness. Hode had caught his nervous hiss; he was crouching there in the darkness. There was no knowing where he was; perhaps he had sprung swiftly to one side when the light had gone out; perhaps he was still standing by the cartridge table.

In the darkness Chapman had lost the sense of the geography of the gallery. He kept his fingers on the switch—but it was only a point in space: he could not be certain quite where he faced; he dare not move his hand to feel the wall itself.

It came into his head that he might cry "Pax," as they had done when they had been boys at school together. Then he could explain to Hode that if Hode was to swear not to make it hard for Mrs. Hode he would shoot himself then and there. But perhaps Hode would not respect the cry of "Pax." He might shoot the moment the sound left Chapman's lips. And Chapman remembered that, even at school, Hode, in his violent determination always to conquer, had sometimes not respected the cry of "Pax." After all, there were no rules to *this* game; or, if there were, Chapman had begun by breaking them. No, he would not cry "Pax"; then, should he turn up the little switch and fire? But he thought he recollected that the switch moved a little stiffly: the slightest jerk was sufficient to deflect hopelessly the barrel of the heavy Colt revolver; his bullet would fly hopelessly wide or high. He dared not open the door, for a light burned on the stairs; in the darkness he could even discern a faint gleam from beneath the door itself. If he tried to run up the passage he would be dead in a minute. What was he to do? What was he to *do?*

A heavy irritability, a sense of exasperation, invaded him. It seemed abominable that at that juncture he must worry himself about what he was to do. He wanted to be quiet—as it were, to have time to arrange his affairs, at least in his head. It occurred to him that he ought to be saying prayers because he was going to die. He was going to be cut off in the midst of mortal sin—and unrepentant. . . . For—and it seemed odd to him—he was not in the least repentant. He was only exasperated at the folly which had let him so imbecilely betray himself to the man he had—but he could not put it that he had injured Hode. Mrs. Hode had wanted him—Chapman—and Chapman had wanted her. What did it matter to Hode? How had it injured him? And Chapman was almost worried that he did not feel a sense of moral baseness. But, perhaps, he thought, none of the fellows who get into the Divorce Courts feel blackguards — not even the really bad ones. For Chapman did not regard himself as really bad, though he would readily acknowledge that every circumstance connected with himself and his friend's wife looked atrociously mean and unsavoury.

What really troubled him was the atrocious self-confidence that led to the disclosure. He had always been self-confident, Mrs. Hode always foreboding. He had proved to her that they had always covered their tracks so well, been so discreet, and possessed so much self-command that nothing ever could possibly come out. She had always said, "Ah, God will most surely punish us," and he had regarded that as a tender but absurd superstition. There might be punishment for them in the next world—but they had so many years still to live, and, in some way, they might, during the course of those years, find some expedient, no doubt, to mitigate the wrath of God. But, with tears in her moments of depression, Mrs. Hode had said that the punishment would be of this world. But he had always proved to her that that was impossible.

They had never even written any letters—except the one in which, worn out with his pleading, after meaning to separate for ever, she had written to him: "Come to me; I cannot live without you." For some reason that he could not fathom, against his better judgment, he had never burned that letter. But, to be sure of it, he had always carried it about with him. And that very night, having come in a little late for dinner, he had dressed very quickly, and, remembering from habit the letter in his shooting-jacket pocket, he had pushed it simply with his handkerchief into his cuff.

Self-confidence! Madness! . . . . He had decided a month ago that he must "break off the intrigue." He had told Mrs. Hode that they must part. They were to have parted in a week, he to go the Caucasus, she to . . . . But he had never cared to think of what she would do. He had always put it out of his mind.

Suddenly into the darkness there blared at him the question: "What will she do *now?*" For he would be—not gone to the Caucasus—but irrevocably away: in unending darkness. And suddenly, too, it struck him that he would never see light again. This seemed to him monstrous and painful, too—for her, not for himself—since to him, standing in darkness at the

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Down by the Ribble

Photo *W. H. Knowles*

A view of the Ribble, where it flows through Lord Ribblesdale's Park at Gisburn

The Valley of the Ribble is one of the most picturesque in England, and Gisburn Park is by no means its least charming feature. The river winds its way through the park for some miles, and in its meanderings creates some of the most delightful views it is possible to imagine

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moment, Death presented itself in the image merely of a long darkness that would little affect him. But it seemed to him to be suddenly horrible that he could do nothing better for her—that she must pass the rest of her days with him irrevocably underground—just as at that moment he was underground, and she, far above, no doubt filled with fears. For she had told him that every night was to her an agony of dread till her husband looked in to say good-night on his way to bed. Then only, she had said, did she feel secure. Whilst "they"—the two men—were still downstairs, she dreaded always discovery, outcry, and an unending horror.

He had always laughed at her; he had always tried to persuade her that "they"—he and she—were rather more secure than when "they"—he and her husband—were together. Himself, he had always felt most amusedly secure just when he was alone with Hode—and just when Hode was talking about his wife. He would laugh; he would even dangerously pretend that he knew Mrs. Hode better than Hode did. He believed, indeed, that to pretend to even a considerable intimacy was the best means of disarming suspicion. For, during the last month—since Chapman had mentioned his determination to "break off the intrigue" and go to the Caucasus—Hode actually had talked a good deal about "Ella." A mentally tranquil person—though he was capable of violent passions of rage—Hode, as became his mildly distinguished military career, had accepted his married life as a thing of routine. He had lived seven years with his Ella without at all observing her more than to know that she liked an occasional present of flowers, and thought that one ought to rest for an hour after lunch. He would no more have suspected her of psychological vagaries than he would have expected his men to burst into an uncontrollable fit of hysterics upon parade. These things have been known to happen to wives and to regiments—but not to *his* wife or *his* regiment.

For eighteen months or so Mrs. Hode had been subject to what he called "attacks of nerves"—but he had accepted these, too, as part of a reasonable routine. During the last month, on the other hand, these attacks, these depressions, these mopings, had become so constant that they could not, even in any conceivable routine, be suspected of being without a cause. Mrs. Hode had become "odd," though she did, he would do her that justice, keep her end up before people. Listening to those occasional remarks of her husband, Chapman would say, sagaciously, that perhaps their quarters did not suit her, or, perhaps, she needed a change. He had even offered to take her to the play himself. But Hode had suffered to an extent that made him say—it had occurred the night before—that he really sometimes thought something must be "up." It marked, indeed, the degree of intimacy that existed between the two men that Hode should have so far committed himself to words. At times, even, Chapman had so far entered into the drama of the situation that he really puzzled about what *could* be the matter with Mrs. Hode.

But he shrugged his shoulders impatiently at these memories, and it came over him with a renewed snap of rage that he was there, beneath the ground, impotent, and she was upstairs, agonised, dreading exposure. And then for the first time he realised that exposure had come! It had come! When next Hode pushed his wife's door open she would . . . Again he dared not think what would face her! He must kill Hode! He must kill him!

That would mean an eternity of mental torture. He was sure of that. Straining his ears then, he caught a steady, simple sound. It seemed to come from straight before his face. Hode must be creeping up to him. But, so far as he could remember, where the sound came from there was a long table. Hode could not be there. But he might have crept beneath the table. Supposing that he himself fired six shots, moving his arm rapidly in a circle? But if Hode were crouching down the shots would pass over his head.

He conceived the stratagem of crouching down himself. But to do that he must forego his hold of the switch, which gave him, as he imagined, a certain control of the situation. What should he do? What should he do?

Again the irritation overcame him. He felt that it was indispensable that he should have time to think—if only to worry out some excuse for his unpardonable folly. It was utter folly. He ought never to have come down into the gallery with Hode. He remembered Mrs. Hode's strained, dread-filled face, as, over the shoulders of the others, at the foot of the staircase, she had mutely appealed to him not to go down. He had called it superstition in her. She seemed to be saying, with closed lips, "God will punish us!"

God had not punished them—or at least . . . . was not the small forgetfulness that made him now stand where he was—was not that an act of God. He remembered feeling hot, heavy, oppressed, as if a storm was approaching, or as if he had taken a little too much wine at dinner. Yet there was no storm, and he had been careful of late not to take the least shade of a drop too much—because he had wanted to keep himself in condition for climbing in the Caucasus. Nevertheless, he had felt inordinately heavy, stupid, hot—influenza coming, perhaps—but might not that be the act of God?

The folly of it! One of the revolvers had leaked a little—his knuckle had been blackened—he had pulled out his handkerchief from his cuff and her letter—the one letter—had been jerked out right on to the very foot of her husband. The great bold writing, the unmistakable blue paper with the red crest—the words: "Come to me! I cannot live without you!" . . . .

The act of God! Perhaps it was the act of God. In that case how abominably he had sinned against her when he told her that God did not interfere in temporal matters. To save her he must shoot Hode. He must shoot Hode. He must shoot Hode. The words he repeated to himself, for he could not imagine himself committed to that action. It was all, still, like a farce. It was only a wild idiot like Hode who could imagine such an action—a duel. They had written, each of them—but he under the compulsion of Hode, rather—on fragments of paper, the words: "I cannot stand this strain any longer!" Both their affairs were in a state of entanglement, to make it reasonable to blow their brains out. Both their

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His Critic Unawares

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND

(Continued from page 340)

revolvers would be discharged. One dead man would still hold his. The other would go up quietly to bed. No one would come till the morning.

It was an idiotic affair. If only he could speak, he would be able to prove this to Hode. But he dared not speak. Then either he must die and she be exposed, or he must kill Hode. What was he to do? What was he to do? And he swore aloud.

. . . . . .

A spot of flame leaped from low down near the floor. He thought: "Hode has missed!" The gallery was visible; the targets at the far end; the green table with the cartridges, and Hode, his face distorted with rage above his white shirt front, sitting on the floor, gazing hard at him. The gallery remained light like that. He thought: "God has not punished; I shall save her." He could not understand why, if he did not care for her any longer, he should care to save her. "I must love her," he thought. He had never quite believed that he loved her. "But now I must fire," he said, and he wondered what was love. . . .

All these thoughts passed through his brain whilst Colonel Hode's bullet was travelling towards his forehead. Then he felt pain, and thought: "Is this punishment or love or repentance . . . .?" and the words formed themselves again and again as his brain grew idle, repeating the last thoughts indefinitely. And, because the last thing that his eyes saw was the little target in the light of the pistol push, so he continued to see the whitened wall, the target, and light. . . .

. . . . . .

Colonel Hode, stiff from his crouching, staggered a little as he made his way to the switch. He turned on the warm light, took the undischarged pistol from the dead man's fingers, and dropped his own to the floor, by Chapman's side. He went slowly upstairs, pushed his wife's door open, and muttered "Good night," and went into his own room. When he had removed his coat and waistcoat, he remembered that he had left on the table his own paper bearing the words, "I cannot bear this strain any longer." He went downstairs to the gallery again, and with a match carefully burned the paper, watching it disappear in flame between his fingers. Chapman lay by the door, his eyes gazing at the ceiling.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

Whiffing

Green is the night sea-water—crimson the western sky—
Rollicks the skull in the sternhole—greyly the cliffs go by—
Plunking the leads in rhythm—this what the heart loves best—
Whiffing the seas at moontime, borne on the ripples' breast.
Two jerks and a tug—a mackerel!—hand over hand—whip clean!
A splash on the olive water and the catch comes skimming in!
Stole from the deep sea fairies—never has fairy seen!—
Silver and green in the moonlight—silver and green.

Tinkle the dreamy ripples—tapping the wooden sides—
Lazily twists the paddle—lightly the dinghy rides—
Two—if not three!—Pull even—quick!—it's a kinking cord—
Whiting!—and one a monster—yes—here they are—on board!
A quivering pull—a whiting!—snap her up sharp—strike clean!
A splash on the olive water and the catch comes skimming in!
Here is the trembling treasure—thrilling the angler keen—
Silver and green on the locker—silver and green.

So is the basket filling—shimmering fin and scale—
Now is the shoulder tiring—up with the yellow sail—
Over the side the last one—luck for a rainy day—
Scudding the sea at dawning—back to the drowsy bay.
Two jerks and a tug—a mackerel!—hand over hand—whip clean!
A splash on the olive water and the catch comes skimming in!
Beauties from deep-sea harems, arching in priceless sheen—
Silver and green in the basket—silver and green.

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

The Wreck of a Relief Ship: The French ship at Cadgwith, near the Lizard

Singularly unfortunate was the wreck of the Frenchman, *Socoa*, which got on the Criscian rocks last week, for its cargo was composed of cement to be used in the rebuilding of San Francisco

Cambridge (Mass.) to Row Cambridge (Eng.)

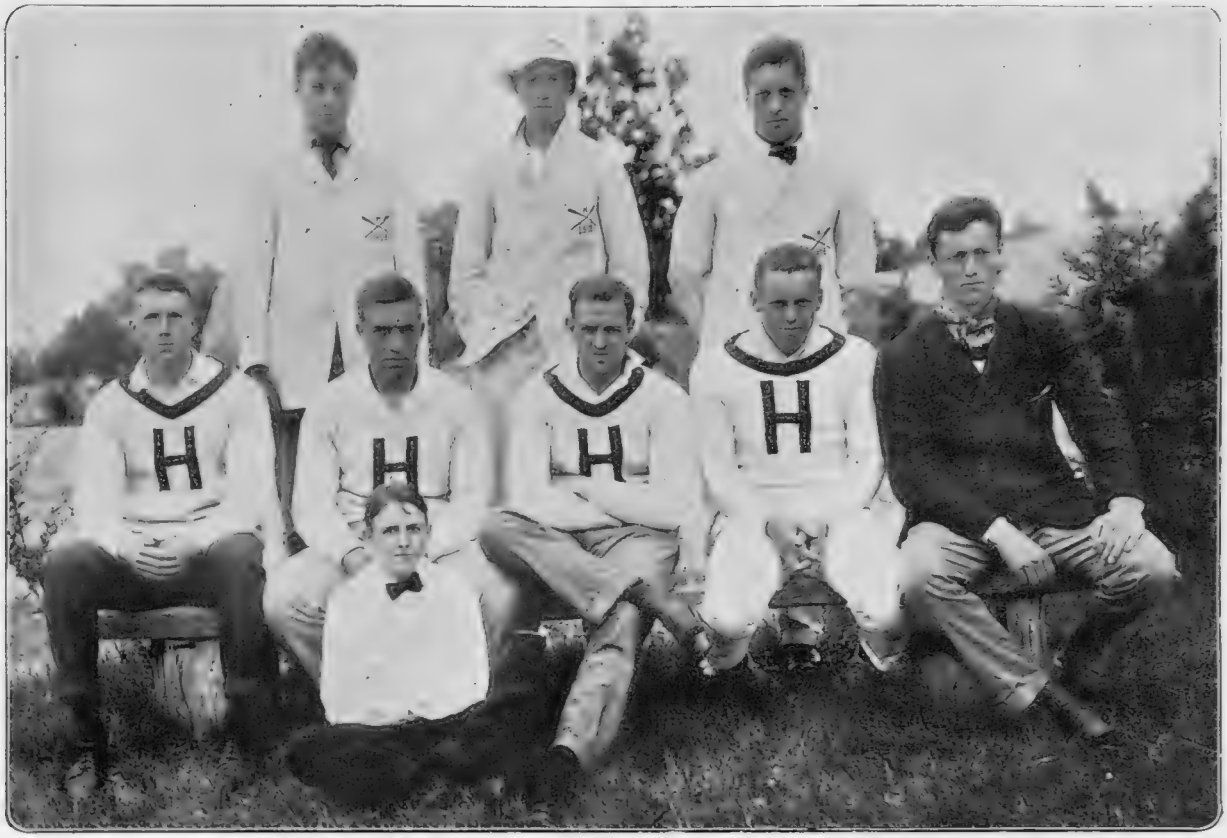


Photo *Topical Agency*

The Crew from Harvard University, Cambridge (Mass.), who are to row our Light Blues next month

Messrs. R. M. Tappan (bow), S. W. Fish, P. W. Flint, G. G. Glass, J. Richardson, R. L. Bacon, D. A. Newball, D. Filley (stroke), and M. B. Blagden (cox.)

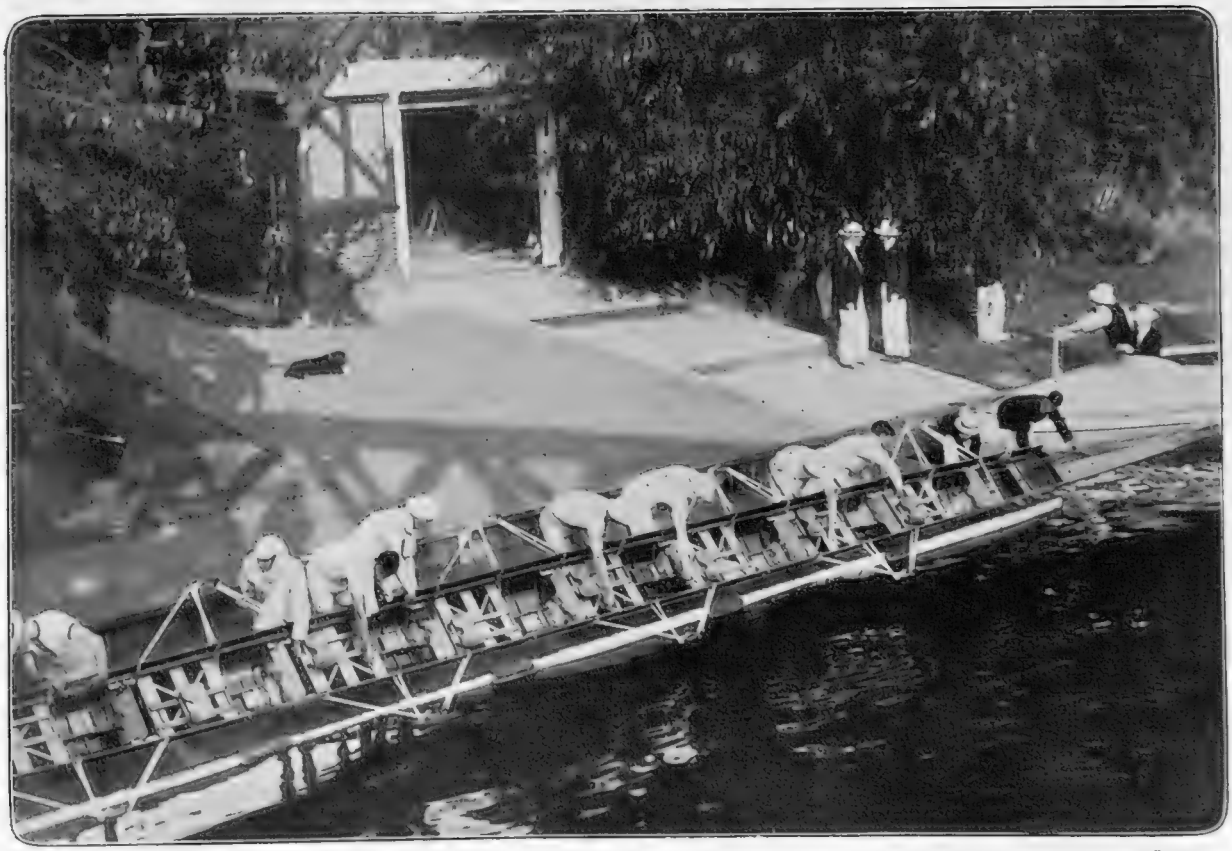


Photo *Montagu Dixon*

The Cambridge Crew at Bourne End

During the past week, practice has been going gently forward at Maidenhead between the two crews in anticipation of the International race next month, which is being awaited with the keenest excitement as the first Inter-'Varsity Boat race on the course hitherto sacred to the two British Blues

"Jo-burg"

WHICH IS NOW ANXIOUSLY DISCUSSING THE NEW CONSTITUTION

THE mushroom city of the age is, without a doubt, Johannesburg, generally known now as Jo-burg, which some think (rightly or wrongly, who can tell?) is a delicate compliment to the Member for West Birmingham. Twenty years ago the place was absolutely non-existent, yet to-day it is the home of 156,000 persons, and is far more up-to-date and modern in its general arrangements than the metropolis of the Empire. In the new Transvaal Constitution, which is raising so many criticisms both in South Africa and England, the mining district, of which "Jo-burg" is the centre, will be represented by 34 members.

(1) Transvaal "Leader's" new offices

(2) General Post Office

(3) Johannesburg Empire

Photos *Boyton, Johannesburg*

A City of the Moment

(4) Rand Club

(5) General view of Johannesburg

(6) Carlton Hotel

(7) Stock Exchange

Photos *Bowton, Johannesburg*

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. Garden G. Smith

I gladly take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Garden G. Smith, the Editor of *Golf Illustrated*, on his recovery from a severe illness, which led to his temporary retirement from the Editorship of the chief golf paper. Though all golfers may not agree with Mr. Smith's opinions on the current politics of golf, yet all will recognise that his views are animated by honest conviction, and inspired, in general, by sound traditions, and they will rejoice that so fair and impartial a judge of golfing questions has returned to his editorial chair. As an old supporter of, and occasional contributor to, the paper, I have great pleasure in recording Mr. Garden Smith's recovery, and in expressing my hope that his health may, like his opinions, remain perfectly sound, and enable him to carry out his duties in the future with the same success that has characterised his performance of them in the past.

SHOOTING PHRASE (Illustrated)
"HARE UP!"

The Size of Putting Greens

In my article of August 1, I just touched on the question of the size of putting greens, and expressed the opinion that the future evolution of the game on rubber-core lines would lead to a return of the smaller putting greens with which our forerunners were satisfied. By this I do not mean that we shall revert to the very small greens on which our ancestors putted. The great spread of the game, and the enormous increase of players throughout the length and breadth of the land, preclude any such notion. When so many players use a course it is necessary to have fair-sized greens to enable the green-keeper to change the position of the hole with a fair amount of frequency for obvious reasons. But there is a world of difference between a fair-sized green and the modern monstrosity which has usurped its place on most courses. On one of the most recently laid-out of the great courses, viz., Huntercombe, where the master-mind of Willie Park has superintended matters, the greens are, for the most part, of such a gigantic size that the player, on struggling to the edge of one of them, might well ask himself which of his wooden clubs he should take for the next stroke.

Changed Conditions

These enormous areas of smooth and shaven turf completely alter all the conditions of the short game. They entirely eliminate, for one thing, one of the most beautiful strokes in golf, the running-up shot, that shot which the old St. Andrews' school of golfers used to play with their cleeks with that overhand twist of the right wrist which Mr. John Low has so happily termed "turning the key in the lock." Bob Martin and others were splendid adepts at this shot, and used it with marvellous effect when sixty or seventy yards from the hole, with a certain space of rough and undulating ground between them and the edge of the green. Instead of this most delicate and scientific shot, the modern golfer is only required to bang with his putter, for where in the old days he would still be on rough ground, nowadays he is on the green with a vast billiard table surface of putting green between him and the hole. I am convinced that the great extension in size of putting greens is just as much responsible for the lowering of scores on courses as the rubber-cored ball. One of the means, therefore, of combating the ball, besides increased number of trappy hazards, would be the diminution in size of putting greens. I feel sure that the game would benefit very much by such a procedure. The scientific player would have a most critical shot restored to him, whereby his superiority in play would be emphasised, for it does not need a moment's consideration to decide as to the relative difficulty of a long putt and a running-up shot. Even a moderate beginner can hit a ball fairly accurately with a putter, but set him to work to play a shot to the hole with forty or fifty yards of rough ground between him and the edge of the green, and he will probably be entirely nonplussed. Just as the abolition of the stymie would remove a distinct shot out of the game, so the vast modern putting green has eliminated a variety of delicate and skilful shots, chief amongst them, as I say, the running-up shot.

Ernest Lehmann

Hainault for Happiness—and Golf

Photo *Photo Press*

Prairie near Hainault (with beasts), whereon trees are being planted and golf links laid down

The above will, in the fulness of time, be re-afforested, and covered with hundreds of young trees. Also, as mentioned in last week's BYSTANDER, Hainault is to be used for the sacred purposes of Golf, the intention being to lay out links on which anyone can play on payment of a small sum for a daily ticket

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A shady nook in Hainault

With its rolling downs, thickets, and charming glades, Hainault Forest, which was thrown open to Londoners last month, will be a great possession. It consists of over 800 acres, 253 being forest, and 551 arable land, and is a pleasant annexe to Epping

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

"The Guarded Flame." By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Eglamore Portraits." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6s.)

"'Verb Sap.' on Going to East Africa." (The Trading and Development Syndicate, Ltd.: 2s. 6d. net.)

"Collusion." By Thomas Cobb. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Woman's Victory." By Maarten Maartens. (Constable: 6s.)

"A Widow by Choice." By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Werner Laurie: 6s.)

Where is the Book of the Year?

What has become of our old friend the "book of the year"? Has it gone the way of other Victorian traditions? No longer is tea-table, dance, and *entra'cte* literary talk concentrated on one book, and only one book, and no longer is the year supposed to have done its duty to British literature if it has produced one novelist with one idea. Looking back over the publishing season, which is now entering on its dog days, I can recall no one book of specially sensational interest, save, perhaps, *The Jungle*, which, after all, has taken a position in the world's politics rather than in its literature, despite its undoubted qualities in the latter connection. Many other novels have aspired to the old-fashioned position of "book of the year," but have hopelessly failed to arouse a sceptical public. The absence of the book of the year by no means implies a lack of distinctive talent, or of enterprise on the part of the publishers. If there has been no one book of startling quality, there have been a round dozen of novels possessing sound average talent. If the great literary lights have shone rather less luminously, and given us only moderately good samples of their talents, that versatile writer "Anon" has, on more than one occasion, been surprisingly excellent.

Lady Townshend's Poems

To show how alive our publishers are to the exigencies of being topical, comes the interesting announcement—from Mr. John Long—that a collection of verses by the Marchioness Townshend, entitled *In the King's Garden and Other Poems*, with a portrait in photogravure of the authoress, is about to be published. "As the writer's name," he adds, "has been so prominently before the public of late, readers will be the more interested to gain some idea of the deeper feelings of this much-tried lady—and in this they will not be disappointed. The verses are pathetic in the extreme, full of thought, and in word-pictures reflecting the character and sensations of one who, though young in years, has learnt that "as gold must be tried by fire so the heart must be tried by pain." I am sure everybody will read this announcement with interest and sympathy. In fact, it would be of inestimable help if all litigants would aid the public in forming a just estimate of the merits of their cases by publishing poems on the occasion of their appearance in Court. A copy to each member of the jury might help them to while away the intervals (between the "revelations" and "startling admissions") with advantage.

More Holiday Stories

Holiday books continue to arrive in large numbers, the publishers, no doubt, availing themselves of the slackening of the critical pulse to work off some of the stock which they would hesitate to proffer in colder days. Mr. Richard Marsh's *In the Service of Love* (Methuen) would while away an uncritical hour or two. Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, in *The Mystery of Magdalen* (Long), tells a love-story which has a decidedly original opening situation, in a bright fashion, enlivened by plenty of incident. Those who like stories of derring-do in the country-side of days long gone by, with sanguinary interludes and any amount of action, will welcome Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's *Ricroft of Withens* (Fisher Unwin), which harks back to the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie. But particularly attractive, and by no means conventional stock, are the little volumes, issued by Constable a 3s. 6d., by Mary Johnston, the charming Virginia novelist, whose pictures of life in the American home-state are both sympathetic as revelations of character, and exciting in their record of historical events. I have now with me—and their size fits them comfortably into the jacket pocket—*By Order of the Company* and *The Old Dominion*, and more attractive literary companions for days away I could not find in the catalogue of latter-day literature.

Middlesex—the Modest

A guide-book to Middlesex does not, perhaps, seem a thrilling recommendation to the reader, but I courageously beg to state that Mr. John B. Frith's little book on the metropolitan county (Methuen) furnishes fascination on every page. Middlesex has a distinctive individuality of its own. Remember, it no longer contains London; neither is it contained by London. It leads a proud, independent existence, and seems to view the ever-spreading city with something of the feelings of the squirearchy towards the arrival of the retired tradesman in the village with his new gabled, red-bricked villa. The map of Middlesex is a pathetic picture. The county seems to be fighting, ever fighting, to keep its little self distinct from its urban neighbour. Its frontiers are perpetually retreating, as in horror of contact with the contaminating area of the County Council. Take Middlesex, *per se*, and regard it as absolutely distinct from London, and you find yourself contemplating one of the most interesting counties in the kingdom. Harrow, Brentford, Twickenham, Uxbridge, Pinner, Northwood, Rickmansworth—how different sound the names of such places to

those of the suburbs contained in the metropolitan area! Altogether, there is an air of detachment, of superior repose, about Middlesex, taken as a county apart from London, which makes a guide-book, detailing its architectural, historical, and physical features, a thing to be studied by all who have the love of geographical atmosphere, and of "local colour."

An Author on His Defence

I have received the following letter from Mr. Hubert Wales, whose novel, *Mr. and Mrs. Villiers*, was discussed at length on this page some weeks ago, and which dealt with a phase of matrimonial life which certain contemporaries denounced as unfit for literary treatment:—

Unreal Marriages

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

SIR,—In connection with your comments on my novel, *Mr. and Mrs. Villiers*, may I refer briefly to a subject which is quite unconnected with the merits of the book, but which, I believe, is intimately bound up with the social and domestic life of to-day? In common with other reviewers, you describe my hero as "weak," because, in the paradoxical conditions of his marriage—finding his wife constitutionally averse to the relations it implies—he eventually leaves her. I ask, in all earnestness and with the sincere desire to be informed: What else could he do? It is hardly too much to say that I wrote this book to get an answer to that question; and all I am now vouchsafed is to be told that my principal character is "weak," "invertebrate," "pusillanimous," and so on; expressions which I can only suppose cover some simple solution of his difficulty which is hidden from me. The question is one of considerable importance, for the domestic situation which supplies the *motif* of *Mr. and Mrs. Villiers* is in no way the product of my imagination, but is based on a condition of affairs which, it has come to my knowledge, not only exists in modern marriages, but exists with unsuspected frequency. It appears to me that, in such circumstances, the course which Villiers took is the only one open to a man of normal constitution.—Faithfully yours,

August 4, 1906. HUBERT WALES.

"John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Arthur Stannard)

Who has rushed into print as the opponent of "squeamishness," a discussion on which is now raging in the *Daily Telegraph*

I fully concede the excellence of Mr. Wales's motives in discussing this theme, but, as previously remarked, I am unable, personally, to sympathise with his Mr. Villiers as a man, or to condone his cold and deliberate desertion of his wife, however logically just. It is quite possible, as Mr. Wales no doubt will agree, for a man's character to be sound and his actions ethically justifiable, and yet for him to fail to arouse sympathy. It is because Mr. Villiers was an unlovable man, whom one could not respect nor admire, that the problem at issue fails to find in the story the solution one would desire.

Women Novelists and the Press

There is one difference between the male and the female in literature. Whereas the former usually begins his career on the Press that he may end it on books, the latter would seem to begin hers with books in order that she may end it on the Press. The number of lady novelists who have lately rushed into newspaper print seems legion—of male novelists, *nil*. Here, for instance, to-day, is "John Strange Winter," immovably established as an admirable novelist, blazing forth in the *Daily Telegraph* as an opponent of "squeamishness." But the other day, it was Mrs. Alec Tweedie on the modern girl; Miss Corelli on the Romish tendencies of British Royalty; "Rita" on the Smart Set, and I don't know how many other examples of women with large literary reputations invading the province of the always-abused journalist. It is the reverse with the male literary light. Having gained his footing through journalism, and achieved the desired standing as a novelist, he seems to shun the Press as a thing defiled. If he has a grievance, or a new theory, editorial wild horses will not get them from him for the papers. His next novel will be their only haven of rest. On the whole, I incline to think that the woman's attitude is the nobler. To rush into print, as Miss Corelli, "Rita," John Strange Winter, and others have done, instead of treasuring up every figment of fancy for the forthcoming novel, shows a democratic generosity far more admirable than the male novelist's parsimony and aloofness, which is, after all, but a form of literary snobbishness.

Three Novelties

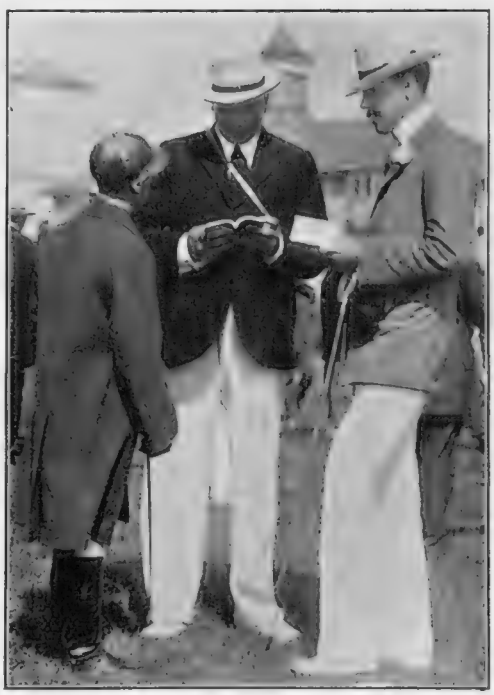
Of three such interesting new novels as *The Guarded Flame*, by W. B. Maxwell (Methuen); *The Woman's Victory*, by Maarten Maartens (Constable), and *Collusion*, by Thomas Cobb (Alston Rivers), I shall have something to say next week, they having arrived too late for notice in this issue. It is, however, safe to commend them for reading on the strength of their authors' reputations, especially in the case of the first named. VIVIAN CARTER.

RACING NOTIONS

OUR BEST JOCKEYS—MAHER AND MADDEN. By "CARBINE"

Mishaps at Brighton

By rather a singular coincidence, both Maher and Madden, by general consent the best jockeys of the day, came in for an unpleasant experience at Brighton last week. Maher's misfortune was merely a few bruises, though when Horn Head came down with him very heavily it looked an ugly affair. Madden, on the other hand, was very near to losing his life. A wretched brute of a horse, called Marigold IV., got hold of the jockey by the neck and savaged him terribly. Had not the other riders managed to drive the beast away, he would certainly have killed Madden. I see that the owner of Marigold IV. now proposes to send the horse to stud. I should say that a friendly bullet would be the best thing for his maniacal quadruped. Madden hopes to be in the saddle again this week, and the Turf is not so well provided with strong jockeys that we can spare him for any length of time.



A racing combination

A snapshot at Brighton of Lord Villiers, a good all-round sportsman and owner of some speedy horses; Hallick, his trainer; and A. Templeman, the latter's apprentice, and one of the cleverest jockeys of the day

Madden and Maher

If I were asked to name a man who can get the most out of a horse at the finish of a race, Madden would have my vote. He is an extraordinarily powerful finisher. His chief fault is that he so often tries to squeeze through on the rails when there is no opening, and consequently he gets badly shut in occasionally. In this way he nearly threw away the Duke of York Stakes on Sceptre, little Butcher on the inside very properly refusing to give way to Madden's shouting. The jockey with the best "hands," by which is meant delicate touch and the light handling of a high-strung young thoroughbred, is Maher. Everyone swears by him nowadays, yet we have seen him ride some ill-judged races, and sometimes he is very severe on his horses.

Two-Year-Olds at Kempton Park

If it were certain that Slieve Gallion would compete for the International Plate on Wednesday, a big crowd would be attracted to Kempton Park, for this handsome two-year-old is believed to be the best of his age. But Capt. Greer does not think it worth while to race such a precious youngster off his legs, and probably we shall not see the colt this side of Doncaster. Slieve Gallion is said to have accomplished something very big on the trial ground with Rocketter, the Stewards' Cup winner, and, in any case, we must place him in front of Traquair after the disgrace of Lord Rosebery's colt at Goodwood. Yet, I scarcely think that Slieve Gallion would find the race at Kempton in any way an exercise canter, for among his opponents would be Galvani, who is reckoned at Newmarket to be exceedingly smart. And **Galvani** would be in receipt of substantial weight. So that I am taking him to win this race. Should both of the cracks be kept at home, the way would be clear for All Black.

Keystone II. and the St. Leger

Within a month we shall be at Doncaster, and once more the sporting Yorkshiremen will be able to roar until they are hoarse over the race, which to them is the greatest of the whole season. Last year the St. Leger was a very poor affair, and something better is to be hoped for next month. But Keystone II. was not out at exercise last week-end, and Black Arrow has fallen lame. These signs are distinctly unpromising for Doncaster. I have seldom been so much captivated by a racehorse as I was when looking over Keystone after her victories at Epsom and Ascot. I consider her faultless, and all along I have regarded the Doncaster St. Leger as only a question of good health for the filly. Meanwhile, Troutbeck, another favourite of mine, has been improving every week, and the prospect of the struggle between them on the Town Moor is very alluring. Any mishap to Keystone, therefore, would be calamitous.

Spearmint Again

Spearmint, unfortunately, is not engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger, but visitors to Kempton Park on Thursday will probably see him in the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate. In the presumed absence of Troutbeck, the task of **Spearmint** will not be very great. My selections at the Windsor Meeting are **Horn Head** for the Castle Handicap, and **Royal Lass** for the August Handicap.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Cowes

The chief feature of Cowes Week was the success of the old cutter, *Satanita* (*Britannia's* rival in the 'nineties), now a yawl, and owned by the Knight of Kerry. Curiously enough, her two victories —in the King's Cup and the German Emperor's Cup—were both won in light airs, for she is essentially a hard-weather boat, though it is true that (as the event showed) she was very lightly handicapped. In the King's Cup she had 17 minutes from *Kariad*, which was quite a lump, and a quarter of an hour from the German Emperor's *Meteor*, and, giantess though she may be, *Meteor* could never have got all that way in front of her, either in a hard blow or a light breeze. *Meteor* was also very heavily penalised in the first of the schooner races, and, though she got home first, she was only about 20 minutes ahead of *Clara*, to whom she had to allow 33 minutes odd — surely, rather a liberal allowance for the winner of the Dover to Ostend race? At any rate, it was reduced to 17 minutes odd in the second race, which *Meteor* won, though *Adela* would have saved her time if she had not been disqualified. In the class races *Nyria*, rapidly refitted after her recent accident, *Navahoe* in her new rig, and *White Heather* had some glorious racing, and, indeed, the whole week was characterised by remarkably fine sailing and helmsmanship—particularly in the 52-foot class.

Photo] **Miss Ethel Littlewood** [*Bolak*

Whose recent swim from Sunbury Lock on the Thames to Isleworth Gate, Kew (a distance of sixteen miles), in eleven hours, constitutes a record. As she is only 23 years of age, the feat was a remarkable test of endurance

Lawn Tennis: The Mixed Singles at Newcastle

The match between Miss Sutton and S. H. Smith at Newcastle, in which the latter owed 15 and gave 30, proved rather a frost, for Smith was off his game and Miss Sutton won easily. All the same, the handicap, as representing the difference between the best men and the best women players, was about right, and if Smith had been "on it" he would probably have put up a good fight, and, perhaps, won. In the days when Ernest Renshaw and Miss Dod were at their best, they played several matches at a difference of half forty— practically the same thing as owe 15 and give 30—and there was nothing in it between them. At that time, however, Ernest Renshaw was a particularly fine handicap player; he was always very much safer than, though not as brilliant as, his brother, and he was just the man to give the odds to Miss Dod. Smith, on the other hand, is not renowned as a handicap player owing to the aggressive character of his game, and though he might give Miss Sutton the odds now and again, he could hardly be relied on to do it in a series of matches. Several of them would probably go the way of the one at Newcastle the other day—especially if the ground were soft. A better man to choose in order to prove the truth of the proposition that there is half-forty difference between the top men and the top women would be one of the Dohertys.

Saxmundham and Colchester

The only fault to be found with the Saxmundham meeting is that it does not last long enough. The players would surely be more than content to spend a week amid the lovely scenery of Hurts Hall Park instead of barely having to appreciate its beauties in the hurry of a "three-day rush." H. R. Barrett at last won the Cup outright, and is naturally proud of the possession, for the Cup had escaped permanent capture for many years, and consequently bears a fine string of names of previous holders, including that of H. L. Doherty. At Colchester, which followed, a similar thing happened in the case of the Ladies' Cup, for Miss Morton likewise won outright a Cup that has "lived" for over ten years.

August Cricket

August, the last month of the four during which cricket is played in this country, is, probably, the one least looked forward to by the young professionals and amateurs who have been striving through the previous three months to make

their position in their county eleven secure. For in August the holiday cricketer makes his butterfly appearance; the schools are broken up, and the old Blue, who has spent his summer carefully coaching the youngsters under his charge, and rejoicing in the successes, or sympathising with the failures, of his boys in their big school match, with but little chance of getting a knock himself, now finds that his own powers in past years has not been forgotten, and that there is a place for him in his county eleven, where he may continue, or perhaps renew, his own youth. And not only to schoolmasters, but also to many others who are kept out of cricket until the holiday season begins, does the same rule apply; and, consequently, some of the regular members of a county team have often to spend August in enforced idleness, or in lesser glories, but perhaps greater delights, of country-house cricket. And how wonderfully do those players who thus snatch a fleeting week or two from the sterner cares of life contrive to keep up their form; and what an invigorating effect their presence often seems to have on the sides for which they play. Who, for example, has not heard it said, when Middlesex have been doing badly early in the season, "Oh! they'll be all right in August, when Douglas and Wells come into the side"? And how often has not this prophecy been realised? Look at Worcestershire, too, when R. E. Foster is able to turn out for the county. Last year, he put up about 250 runs in the first innings he played for his county; and this year, though his contribution was a more modest one, his presence apparently so quickened his side that they at once made the largest score they have ever made in their cricket. Gloucestershire, as soon as C. O. H. Sewell came into the side a fortnight ago, forthwith abandoned the horrid series of defeats which had been their lot, and at once scored a couple of remarkable victories; while as to Kent, it is becoming a truism to say that in August she has far more talent at her disposal than she can find room for, and would probably vote enthusiastically for some alteration of the rules which would allow August cricket to be played twenty-two a-side, with one innings apiece. Fancy being obliged to leave out Woolley, probably a long way the best colt of the year!

Fun in the Army

Privates in the Obstacle Race at the Army Athletic Championship at Aldershot

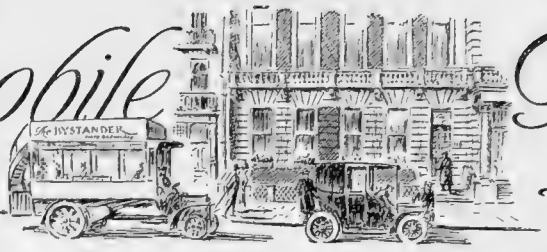
Sports in the Army

At the Army Athletic Championships, which were held at Aldershot on Tuesday and Wednesday last, the bright particular star was, of course, Lieut. Halswell, H.L.I., the Amateur Quarter Mile Champion. He won the Officers' Quarter Mile in 52 1/5 sec., and also the Half (of which he was the holder) in 2 min. 5 2/5 sec.—the comparatively poor time of the latter event being accounted for by the fact that he toddled home with a lead of nearly twenty yards. He also won a heat in the 100 Yards in 10 1/5 sec., but was beaten in the final by the Rev. R. J. Walkey. A new feature of the meeting was the Relay Championship Race, in which teams of four competitors ran half a mile, each member of the team doing 220 yards. It was won by the 2nd Dorset Regiment. The Officers' Mile went to Lieut. Liddell (2nd Leicestershire Regiment), and the Hurdles to Lieut. C. E. Kinahan (1st Royal Irish Fusiliers), while the Obstacle Race—that never-failing source of amusement to the onlookers—was won in great style by Lieut. E. T. Kerans (4th Worcestershire Regiment).

"Oh, what a tangled web!"

Officers in the Obstacle Race at Aldershot last week, which was won by Lieut. E. T. Kerans (4th Worcestershire) in great style

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Motor Volunteer Corps

By Royal Warrant, dated July 26, the Motor Volunteer Corps was disbanded. At first blush the news came as a painful surprise, because the corps was regarded on all hands as a valuable asset in our scheme of national defence. Closer inquiry and some pronouncements by Lieut.-Colonel Mark Mayhew, late Commanding Officer of the M.V.C., have lessened to some extent, however, the general regret at the passing of the first military organisation of its kind in the world. So far back as the Autumn Manœuvres of 1901 a few cars were put at the disposal of General Sir Redvers Buller, and so useful did that gallant officer find them that he expressed a very high appreciation of the automobile as a military auxiliary. Mr. Mark Mayhew, of Bolingbroke House, who had been "out" with General Buller, quickly obtained the assent of a number of fellow-motorists to join a Volunteer corps, if formed, and at once communicated with the War Office. A Special Committee, appointed to go into the matter, reported unanimously in favour of the proposition, and on March 3, 1903, the formation of the Motor Volunteer Corps was officially notified in the *Gazette*. The corps, of which the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MacDonald, P.C., has recently been Honorary Colonel, was placed under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Mark Mayhew, and was sub-divided into five divisions, in charge of majors, each of whom in turn was assisted by captains and lieutenants. At the beginning of this year the total strength of the corps, all ranks, was 159, the great majority, of course, being rated as "members" or "privates." It was "right here," as our American cousins would say, that the shoe pinched. By the rules of the corps all ranks were required to attend with their cars or motor-cycles in proper working order at least ten days in each year, and to take part in defence manœuvres, staff rides, and the general duties imposed by the military authorities. All were treated alike in the matter of the allowances granted when on duty, viz.: 30*s.* per day for cars and 10*s.* per day for motor-cycles, with an additional ¾*d.* per

Lieut.-Colonel Mark Mayhew

Founder and Commanding Officer of the Motor Volunteer Corps which has been disbanded by Royal Warrant

Photo] **Out of her element** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Potter, a daughter of Bishop Potter, of New York, is well known in American motor circles. At Long Beach, while racing was in progress, the tide advanced so rapidly as to partially engulf Miss Potter's car. Working heroically, however, she effected its salvage

MOTOR YACHTS ON TRIAL AT SOUTHAMPTON

1. "Gazeka" uses paraffin fuel, and was one of the smartest craft in the M.Y.C. Trials

2. "Firefly," built by Messrs. Thornycroft for the Admiralty was the fastest cruiser at Netley, and took a silver medal at Southampton

3. "Teddington," a dainty little auxiliary, uses petrol fuel

4. 'St. Helena," a sea-going dinghy, burns petroleum

5. "Eilzen," a stout sea boat built by Brooke, has a petrol engine (bronze medal)

The Reliability Trials last week at Southampton attracted a large number of motor-yachts of various kinds, of which the above are a selection. The Trials established entirely the fitness of motor-boats generally for river, port, and sea use alike.

mile for petrol, while each member on enrolment received his uniform free. The entrance fee of £2 and annual subscription of a guinea were the same in the case of officers and privates, but the exigencies of military etiquette observance and efficiency rendered any question of social equality inoperative in the field, and some little heart-burning was occasioned. On parade days, for instance, one can understand the mortification of Private Azure Gore, when his perfectly equipped 100-horse Plutocrat was dispatched to some remote part of the field by Major Hornblower, whose 6-horse Pigmy took up a prominent position in front of the fair feminine admirers of military prowess. Private Gore, quite naturally, felt aggrieved, and although his numerical strength was great, it was not what the leaders of the movement considered commensurate with the astonishing advance of automobilism. Col. Mayhew and his coadjutors devised a plan to level things up.

* * *

His Corps in Order

As a preliminary, the disbanding of the M.V.C. was decided upon, but simultaneously with that announcement came a notification of the establishment of an "Army Motor Reserve"—commissions in which "may be granted to members of the late Motor Volunteer Corps, and to such other persons as may, in the opinion of Our Army Council, possess the necessary qualifications." A further clause defines the ranks as those of lieutenant-colonel, major, captain, lieutenant, and sub-lieutenant, and it is particularly worthy of note that such gentlemen as apply for and obtain commissions under the new *régime* become part and parcel of His Majesty's Regular forces, although governed on a Volunteer basis. As Colonel Mayhew puts it, in an interesting letter addressed to THE BYSTANDER on this subject: "Gentlemen will be given commissions in the Regular Forces and be passed to the Reserve of Officers. Their duty is entirely in connection with the staff of the Army, and though this duty is of a most responsible nature, it is at the same time most pleasant and interesting and by no means arduous, being limited, in time of peace, to six days' compulsory duty annually, though fifty-six days may be performed voluntarily." I may add that the allowances for cars on duty will be the same as those made to the M.V.C., and that officers of the Army Motor Reserve, if called upon for service at a time of emergency, are to receive additional pay as lieut.-colonel, 24*s.*; major, 19*s.*; captain, 15*s.* 6*d.*; lieutenant, 10*s.*; and second-lieutenant, 7*s.* 9*d.* per day. All further particulars may be had from the Adjutant, Army Motor Reserve, late M.V.C., 29, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

Motorists at play

Balancing competition at the sports organised by the Lincoln Automobile Club

* * *

Motor-Boat Prospects

It is much to be regretted that a better sporting spirit and a more cordial co-operation do not animate the movements of the Motor Yacht Club and the British Motor-Boat Club. "I got in first," says one body. "So did I," retorts the other, and being "in" it looks much as if the sport and industry are to be greatly put out because of petty jealousies and lack of intelligently conceived and well-organised enterprise. The recent motor-boat trials in Southampton Water showed a considerable falling off from the previous year's entries, and attracted comparatively slight attention, and no foreign competitor

put in an appearance for the British International Cup. The latter fact must not, of course, be cited against the M.Y.C., but it is fair criticism to suggest that more effective measures should be taken to give publicity abroad to these contests, and to present one or two of those cash-in-hand prizes by which our cross-Channel neighbours set such store. The judges' report of the reliability trials gives the following awards:—Class A: Gold medal to Messrs. Thornycroft's *Veradaise*; silver medal, *Maudslay*; bronze medal, *Eileen*. Class B: Silver medal to Mr. A. J. Fentiman's *Javelin*; bronze medal to *Squirt*. Sea-going vessels not under M.M.A. rating: Gold medal to Messrs. Perman's *Wasp*; silver medal to Messrs. Thornycroft's *Firefly*. Cruisers: *Napier Major*, gold medal; *Penguin*, silver medal. A silver-gilt cup, presented to the mechanic who kept his engine and boat cleanest throughout the trial, was awarded to Blyth, the engineer of *Napier Major*.

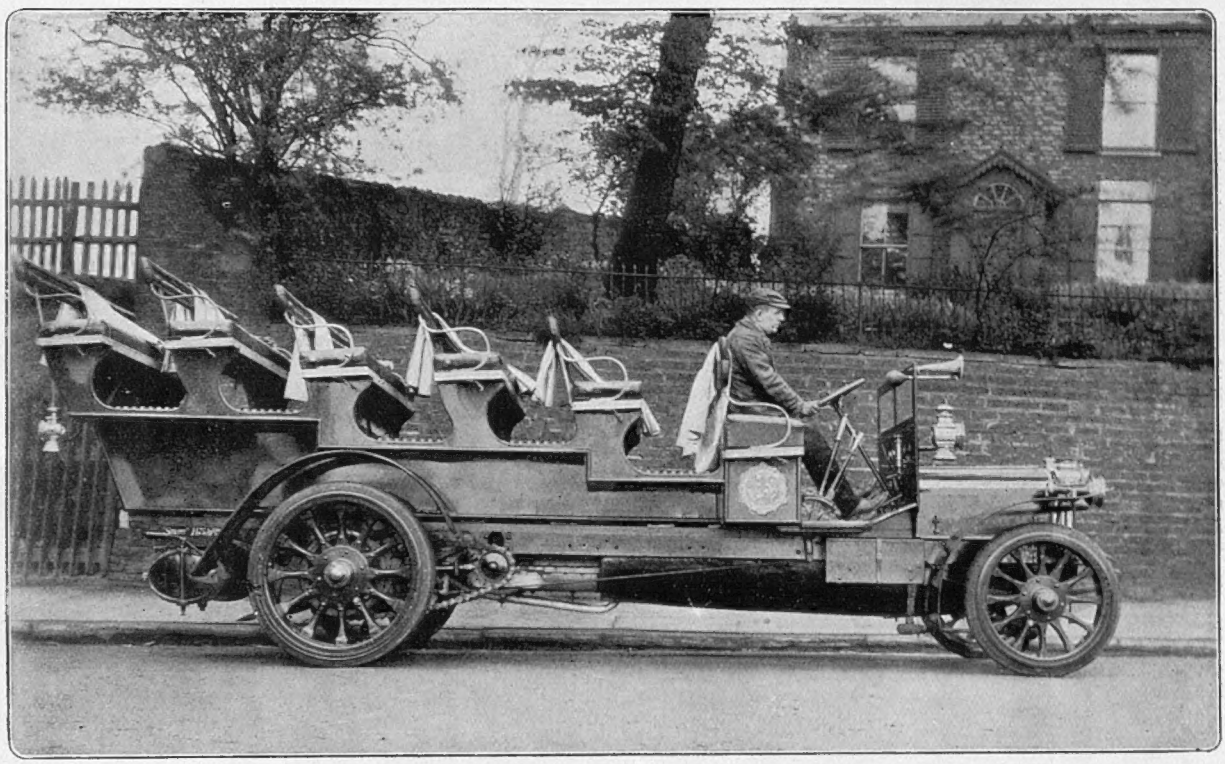
* * *

Future Fixtures

Forthcoming events under the ægis of the M.Y.C. include the Regatta at Netley on August 18, with a programme of five events. The floating clubhouse, *Enchantress*, affords a most delightful headquarters, and members will do well to notify the Secretary early of their intention to go into residence. Races under the M.Y.C. are contemplated at Harwich, Dartmouth, and Plymouth. The British Motor Boat Club's programme sets forth events at Southsea and Portsmouth to-day, August 15, and at Burnham-on-Crouch on September 13, 14, and 15. On August 20 there is to be a race for motor-boats from Dover to Ostend, where, on the two following days, there will be a series of speed trials.

Miscellanea

Mr. D'Arcy Baker, of F.I.AT. Motors, Ltd., Long Acre, has completed a contract for cars to the value of over a million sterling. A record deal.—Cases of assaults upon and obstruction to motorists have of late been too frequent. Readers, in such event, should communicate the facts to the Highways Protection Committee of the Motor Union. Seven convictions for assaults, obstruction, and stone throwing have been obtained within the past few weeks. Mr. Rees Jeffreys, secretary, has offices at 1, Albemarle Street, W.—Feminine resource and determination were exhibited in unusual degree by Miss Potter, an American automobilist, who worked unsparingly and successfully to extricate her car from the advancing waves during the course of some races on the shore at Long Beach, U.S.A.—Interesting motor sports were held by members of the Lincolnshire A.C. at Asgarby Hall, the residence of Mr. George Godson. Dr. Gilpin, of Bourne, won the speed-judging competition in a remarkable manner. He was set to do 16 m.p.h., and over $4^{1}/_{5}$ miles was only 10 sec. out. The balancing trick occupied Mr. W. A. Tomlinson 34 sec., another excellent performance.—"A.A." patrols are on duty at London, Barnet, Hatfield, Stevenage, Baldock (or Hitchin), Biggleswade, Buckden, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Retford, Doncaster, Ferrybridge, Tadcaster, Wetherby, Boroughbridge (*viâ* Leeming Lane to), Catterick, Scotch Corner, Darlington, Newcastle, Morpeth, Alnwick, Belford, Berwick, Dunbar, East Linton, Haddington, Musselburgh, and Edinburgh during the exodus to the North for the shooting season.



Photo] **For country work** *[Kyle, Darlington*

The North Eastern Railway has organised a service of motor-'buses at Scarborough, Filey, Ripon, and other centres. They have four-cylinder engines of 30 h.-p., and accommodate from twenty to thirty passengers. The centre of gravity is very low, which makes for safety, and it is claimed that all on board obtain uninterrupted views of the country

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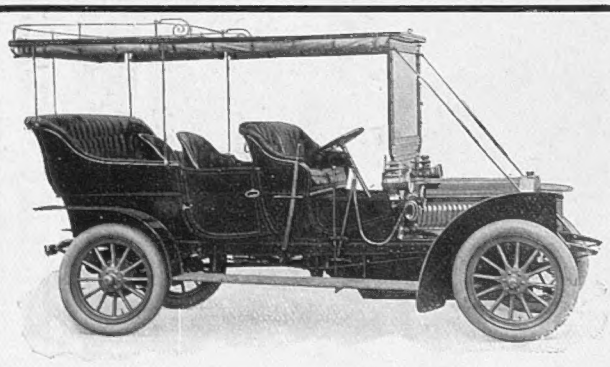

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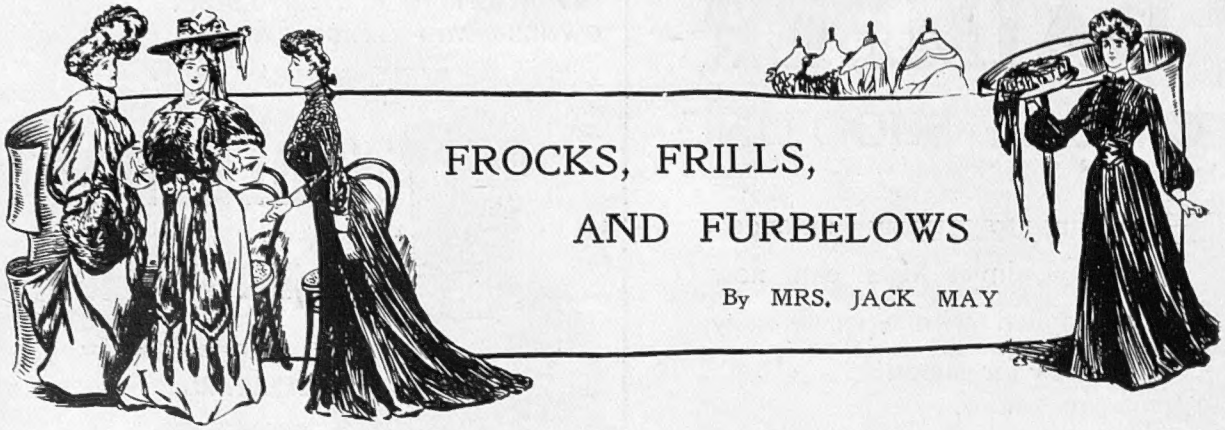

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The simpler life and the simpler dress are the two topics of vital interest at the moment. Judging by contrast—and there is no finer criterion—we must, from the present phase of determined simplicity, have been most outrageously bizarre in the recent past. Just at the last, it is true, the smartness became just a little suffocating, and, it so happens, I am situated amidst a *coterie* of women who have made the sun-bonnet a fetish. Needless to say, they are women young and fair, but ye Fates! the difference from only a short ten days ago, or thereabouts, when ostrich feathers literally swept the horizon at every turn.

Apropos of Ostrich Feathers

Those who like to take a peep into futurity, will be interested to hear that the vogue for ostrich feathers has an assured autumn vogue. Also, that the extravagant presentment meditated will keep the fancy securely out of the grasp of the populace. To-day there are ostrich feathers and ostrich feathers, and to-morrow, well! the morrow scarcely bears contemplation, for the promise is that we shall waft and wave and more than ever bear similtude to the infuriated cockatoo. The patient African bird, so prolific in its feathery contribution, would certainly never recognise its own product in the limp, lengthy confection now deemed the only attribute worth consideration. That the price will be prohibitive goes without saying. But to the *élégante* possession will be acquired at any cost, although

A strikingly original striped flannel suit

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)